

Hard-drop between conflicts

by SrGracias1337

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Summary: A Spartan IV wakes up after he drops from a crashing pelican as it's about to hit the ground, A hard-drop some would say but the worst part is the clash between his previous conflict and a new conflict on both the same and different planet. Can he handle fighting along with giant robots? Rated M for language and just to be sure.

1. Ouch

***New authors note* I know the first few chapters are awfully written, I'll rewrite them when I get the chance. From chapter 5 and foward should be better written**

Hello this is the author speaking (well in this case writing but who cares) and this is my very first fanfiction. If you have anything to say related to this fic or do you have the need to give a suggestion tip or simply inform me of a typo just review or if needed PM me

Okay, first of all this is a Halo/Transformers X over but it will be part AU as I have no intention of leaving some characters dead as the canon dictates. This fic takes place after the 3rd movie of the transformers but there will be some things different.

Not sure about how long it will be or the tags which will appear but please bear with me.

Hope you enjoy the fic.

* * *

><p>"Ouch" Was the first thing that crossed his mind. He had landed, of that he was damn sure. ("Pain is good" his instructor had always said "Means that your alive")

He ignored these thought, there was no time to think about the past, so our pained hero tried to get up of the recently formed Spartan Crater 4.0. "_At least the emergency drop system worked, although I swear this is the LAST time I jump out of a crashing pelican if I have something to say about it."_

He got up after checking his armor: no major damage just a few scratches here and there certainly nothing he couldn't fix back at base. "_HUD's ok, so are the shields, better try and get an evacâ€¦_" _As he thought this his hand shot down to check his handgun and how many bullets it still in the mag while he broadcasted through the COM.

"This is Sierra-Alpha 2357 to any UNSC unit in the area: Can anyone read me?"

â€¦| No response even after he tried a few times not even static. "Great either my COM is fucked or I'm in the middle of nowhere" he thought out loud and then sighted.

Luckily the HUD's navigation system had finally come online and showed some nav. points of, possibly, equipment that managed to survive the ejection before the crash. Before he started to head in the marked direction he took one last look around his drop zone, a good decision as by some small chance a "Spartan laser" (As most of the marines and Spartans like to call it) he had grabbed before the jump had miraculously survive the entry and looked still functional laid around 20 meter away from the crater.

"_Finally things are going my way." _He thought happily as he examined the powerful weapon before clamping it to the back of his armor. "Ok, time to move" said the augmented soldier as he started to run heading to the closest nav point through the green fields close to a mountain.

Not much time had passed for the quite fast-moving Spartan when he caught a stray gleam of something in the distance. Using the HUD's zoom feature on the unknown target he managed to see what looked like a 2-wheeled vehicle and a single occupant heading his direction. "_Doesn't look like a military vehicle, probably just a civvieâ€¦| hopefully she knows where the closest UNSC base isâ€¦|" _Something was bothering him, his trained instincts warned him as if someone or something was watching his movements, his eyes focused on the movement sensor just in case.

-Arcee POV-

There she was, a member of an advanced robotic race that tried to live in harmony with the inhabitants of this planet, sent to the middle of nowhere in the rural part of a certain country looking for something they don't even know what it looks like just because a weird energy reading had been detected for just a few seconds and suddenly disappeared.

- Are we sure there was a reading, couldn't it be just another sensor malfunction? - She commed her fellow transformers and "fleshie" allies.

- That could be the case, but Optimus was the one who ordered to investigate the site and that is why we are here. - Ratchet the

team's medic replied.

- "Better be safe than sorry"- quoted the teams yellow scout.

â€" Well the Pentagon also got that weird energy reading, scared them to act almost like a beehive.- Replied one of their human allies: Captain William Lennox. â€"Now it's like we are their personal paranormal gophers.- added in an irritated tone another human ally: Robert Epps.

- Agreed.- Said Ironhide, the transformers weapon specialist.

-Just hope it ain't cons, do we have any information on the reading?
- The femme asked

-Before we left heard Wheeljack he started talking weird stuff about itâ€|something about a rupture in time and space mumbo-jumbo- answered Ironhide in a bored tone. â€"He looked really excited about finding the cause of this "rumture" thingy.-

-Wait a second- She said- Just got some weird signals, they're weak. Can't pinpoint the location exactly.-

-Got it- Lennox responded- LEST MOVE PEOPLE! Back in the vehicles! Let's go see what Arcee has found- He ordered the recon squad-Arcee try to find out about the closest signal, Bumblebee: go check the others-

-Roger- She answered as she started heading to the closest area of the readings, -"Aye Aye captain!"- quoted the yellow bot.

After a few minutes of speeding across the green fields she saw a blurry figure in the distance after a few secondsâ€|-Arcee to team, I found a human in the target area, looks like its wearing some sort of weird armor, can't say more until I get closer, but it definitely doesn't look like a local.-She reported.

-Roger Arcee, Team remember to maintain our cover, don't want to have problems with the spooks. - Lennox ordered the bots and humans in the team. All of them acknowledged the order.

â€"Arcee try to find out what it's doing here and if possible guide him out of the op. area.- Lennox then said

As she acknowledged her holoform flickered on as a female human in a riding suit with a helmet, and she headed straight for the moving figure in the distance.

As she approached the human, well she wasn't sure anymore if she could call it that because it was bigger than any other human she had ever seen, looked stronger to, and it weared an armor that looked too advanced to the things she had seen the humans wear. Nevertheless she still got closer to the behemoth sized figure and slowed down as it also was slowing down.

She made her holo-form get of her alt-form to maintain her cover as it walked a few steps away. The behemoth just stood still, looking at 'her' as if waiting for an input of somekind.

"Hello" she made her holo-form say. (A/N: Okay I'm going to make it

so that when I use 'her' 'she'... it will be as if the holo-form is doing the action)

"Ma'am" it answered nodding its head "_Good, it speaks English and by the tone of its voice it looks like it's a male." _Thought the femme "I have a few things I need to ask, if you don't mind" 'she' said.

"I will try to answer them but I also need to ask a few things myself" it said, in the meantime commed what she had found to the rest of the team.

"Okay, first tell me: what are you and what are you doing here?" The behemoth seemed to stand still for a moment (if she wasn't an autobot she wouldn't have noticed the quick reaction) as if it was trying to find the correct answer to the question then it said: "I'm a Spartan of the UNSC, I ended here after I was forced to eject from my ship after losing control, I'm also currently trying to contact any UNSC force. Do you know the location of an outpost or a base?" straight to the point, looked like he was military but UNSC? A ship? Spartan?

"What are you talking about?" 'she' asked, for a very brief moment it looked as if surprised and confused, but quickly went back to its neutral stance before it asked in a surprised tone "United Nation Space Command? Never heard of it? Which planet is this?" it quickly asked as if confused. "Eart-" I answered also confused but then the ground started shaking.

"Damm!" it said before jumping back as something exploded from underground.

* * *

><p>Hoped you liked it, no worries chapter 2 should be up in a few minutes.

But first I'll ask my fic readers about some aspects I'm not sure which to keep. I'll try to do this so I can adapt to the needs of todays opinions

Here goes my 1Â° question:

In the beggining I thought of just using one Spartan OC but if the public so desires I could make a team of OC's appear in the story or even an AI for all I care.

Votes will be counted in reviews or pms and you can also send me your suggestions by reviewing.

Thank's for playing

2. When the hunters become the surprised

-OC POV-

"-Which planet is this?" He asked, his mind racing with questions and confusion, "_What does she mean she doesn't know what the UNSC is? How is that possible? What with that really retro bike? It's giving

an insane reading to my motion sensor, must be malfunctioning cause the girl I have in front isn't even giving a read-"_suddenl_y_ a huge reading, as big as a wraith if not bigger appeared in the sensor at the same time the ground started shaking.

"Damm!" he said before jumping a few meters back on instinct, Spartan training had just kicked in as his hand shot down for his handgun before landing and just before something came out on the place he had just been standing at.

It was a machine, well looked like one; it was halfway out of the ground already when he decided to apply one of the golden rules of the Spartans: Shoot first, Ask questions later. While he shot half of the mag into the unknown enemy seeing as most of the bullets just bounced off the thing's exterior while it fell back into the ground. "_DAMMIT!" _he thought _"Whatever that thing is its positively hostile and I'm here alone with no COMs-" _He then looked at the civvie that looked like she was in shock "GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!" He roared but then the ground started shacking again and the reading wasn't below him this time, it was bellow her.

"Shit-" and Spartan time kicked in. he switched weapons bringing out his Spartan laser while he ran faster than any human could (Well except Spartans but that isn't the point) as he held the trigger starting the insanely powerful weapon as he dashed in less than a second the distance between him and the girl.

"Whaaâ€" was all she could say as her objection had already been ruled out, not by the judge, but by the sheer strength of the Spartan as she was being shoved out of the way flying a few meters backwards.

"_Phase 1: complete" _he thought internally as he started the next phase "_Phase 2: Blow the hell out of that thing. Start"_ he thought as he turned 180° degrees using part of his momentum, and brought up his halfway charge Laser beam, not to soon had he finished his movement the other key element of his plan had erupted from the ground and was flying in his direction with 2 spinning drill like extension. Now it was a battle of luck for the right of the first and possibly the last move of the blitz-battle, but having some of his mentors luck rubbed on him, his weapon was 100% charged and fired its lazor to the unsuspecting and frankly surprised machine. "TAKE THAT!" he roared at the top of his voice as the beam did its job, it went through the center of the scorpion-like machine, killing it instantly, and blasting it a few good meters away from the Spartan.

-Arcee POV-

Her processors were still working on solving what had just happened: A human had singlehandedly taken out a decepticon in the time-space of just a few seconds.

A few seconds ago she had been talking to what looked like a huge sized human in armor, until the ground shacked and with a reaction time similar to an autobot he jumped back just as a scorpion shaped decepticon came out from below him, while she tried to find a way to help the human without blowing her cover as it pulled out a weapon and started shooting at the 'con, just as it got back into the ground while her processors where still looking for a way to help the human,

he had screamed something to 'her' (holo-form) just as the ground shook again. Then something even crazier happened: Just as she was trying to find out what he had said he in, less than half a second: he dashed the distance between him and 'her', switched his handheld weapon with something he carried in the back, shoved her holo-self a few meters away and was ended up facing towards the scorpion-shaped decepticon as it exited the ground flying towards the Spartan as his weird shaped weapon was gathering energy and then fired a huge red laser, making a hole through the surprised 'con, killing it and sending it a few meters away.

She shook those thought as the 'Spartan', as he had called himself, got close to the now dead decepticon to examine the threat, sure enough it was dead, she made sure that her holo-self was still online and hadn't disappeared after the not-so-nice shove, making it look as it was unconscious, she commed the team.

-Arcee to team, you're not gonna believe what I just witnessed. - She reported

-'cons? - asked Ironhide matter of factly, she also heard Epps laugh somewhere close.

-That to but that's not the surprise, the thing is its dead and it wasn't me who killed it- she said as she caught the attention of everyone on the team listening to the com. After a dramatic silence she reported the fact: -I've just witnessed it be killed but that's not the best part, it was a single human, and he singlehandedly managed to kill a scorpion-shaped decepticon in the time-space of just a few seconds.- silence took over the comm.

The Spartan was busy examining the remaining of his not so happy enemy until the com burst with the huge number of people. -*Cough* EXCUSE ME?!- Shouted Lennox on the comm, the others saying things like â€"You've got to be kidding! - Or â€"There's no fucking way! - Or even the infamous â€" "WTF!"- Quoted by or favorite yellow scout-bot.

After a few seconds Lennox spoke again-Arcee can you confirm what you just said? - He asked after he had managed to get his breath. If she hadn't been in her alt-form she would have rolled her optics as she said â€"I said a human singlehandedly fought and killed a decepticon.- after a few seconds of silence â€"Ok, Arcee don't lose sight of him until we get there, hell if he can singlehandedly kill a decepticon I want to know who/what he is and how the hell did he do it.- commed Lennox adding later â€" Ironhide lock onto Arcees position and get us there ASAP, Ratchet your with us I want to bring as many bodies to reinforce Arcee as much as possible.- To this Ironhide responded saying â€"What?- in an tone as if the mech was expecting something more to what Lennox response was -*sigh* Please?- to which the later answered â€"Much better, on my way now- and then the comm went silent.

Meanwhile Arcee tried to look for the 'Spartan', sure enough he was there, only he was checking for a pulse in her holo-form, definitely not good. _"Slag!" _ She cursed.

****Authors note:****

****Hello to anyone who bothers to read this comment, I appreciate you giving some of your time.****

****Here comes chapter 3, the longest one as of now but it doesn't mean I'm going to start to slack off... I hope****

****First of all before I forget again I'm going to state 2very important things****

****1) I positively do NOT own any rights or any propriety related to Halo and/or Transformers. They belong to their respective owners and I don't plan to make any profit out of it (well some personal satisfaction if people read or like my fic)... But moving on!****

****I do not wish to have legal problems related to this matter.****

****2) The previous statement applies for the previous 2 chapters and they will be corrected when I decide to rewrite them for any grammar or typos I find.****

****Thank you for your understanding.****

*** * ***

><p>- OC POV-<p>

A few minutes had passed since the small skirmish with the scorpion "like enemy, on which the Spartan had spent some time examining, It looked like a robot or mechanical being, could be operated by some sort of computer, or an A.I. of sort which may explain the huge reading in the motion sensor before. He then looked up and searched for the girl civvie he had pushed before to check her well being since the threat had been eliminated. He found her laying on the floor, she look's unconscious, "_Damm!"_ he thought as he ran to the girl and checked a pulse: there wasn't one.

Normally that would have been a bad situation but this was something that could be even worse. The 'girl' was not a human being, it reminded him of the holographic clone extension he used in the wargames back on the Infinity, you could touch it but it wasn't made of flesh, it was made of something he read about " 'Hard light', that's what they called it" _ he remembered _"since this body doesn't give of any reading" _ he thought as he stood up, turning towards the unmoving vehicle "_meaning that must be where the A.I is, since it gives of a similar reading to the other robot"_ he concluded advancing closer to the bike.

"Allright joke's over", he said loud enough so that the other being could hear him, " I want answers: Where is this place, What was that thing, What are you, I know you emit some crazy energy readings similar to the thing back there so don't try to bullshit me." His mind was going into overdrive, trying to find out what was happening, and trying to figure out if the retro styled bike he had in front of him could pose him a threat. His eyes darting around his HUD as he used the suits integrated sensor to scan the object, "_ I don't know what that thing is but it sending of some crazy signatures, no UNSC tech would give out this reading, hell not even covies emit this

amount" _he came to a halt around 5 meters away from his target , he didn't take out his weapon just yet but was ready to do it quickly if things went south.

Silence, ten seconds passed which became twenty and then a whole minute until the sound of something flicker broke the tensing atmosphere as the figure of the 'girl' rider appeared right beside the ride making him almost reach for his handgun, almost.

"Calm down" 'she' said putting up its hands trying to make a calming gesture since it still had a helmet on and he couldn't see its face, "We're in the middle of a field close to the center of a rural country in Europe" she then said. "_Europe?" _he thought _"So I'm on Earth? But it doesn't look as it was on my last visitâ€¦"_ he pondered, while the other figure kept on talking "That thing that attacked us back there was a Decepticon while I'm an Autobot, part of a special force that is tasked to neutralize any threat and hold the piece between our species, mostly known as a member of NEST." just as 'she' finished the Spartan started barraging asking: "Wait you said this is Earth? What about Decepticons or Autobots? Peace between species? Are you talking about the Elit-" He then heard the sound of more vehicles, and they were getting close.

-Lennox POV-

The current leader of the 'fleshie' squad, as his partner Ironhide liked to call it, was sitting shotgun inside the GMC pickup truck that was Ironhides alt-form deep in thought about what had happened earlier that day, "_A human capable of fighting and killing a Decepticon singlehandedlyâ€¦ seriously what kind of monster can do that" _he then spoke out loud towards his ironblack partner and one of his trusted squad member Epps that sat in the aft seats " What do you guys think that human is like? He killed a 'con just by himselfâ€¦" To what Ironhide replied through the radio "Don't know but if it's true, must be some hard to kill fleshie, could be a good prey for target practice" he said.

Epps on the other hand had another idea "Must be some kind of cyborg-ninja guy because if he can kill a 'con on his own that's the only way I see it happening "the second fleshie in command stated.

"Well whatever he is I hope we can recruit him. That would seriously boost our fighting powerâ€¦" William replied to the both of them and then said to his partners and his squadmates through the comm. "Heads up people!, there's Arcee and the other one must be close by, don't use your weapons until I give the order or you're forced to, but stay frosty: He killed a Decepticon on his own." Everyone knew the drill, so they started by checking their ammo and their weapons not wanting to be caught by surprise, but sadly that's what they were in for.

As Ironhide came to a stop everyone on the squad exited their vehicle, 6 people from Ironhide (2 from inside and 4 that were sitting in the back) and another 2 that exited Ratchet searching for their target. It wasn't hard to find but it still left most of them out of breath.

"_Godâ€¦ that thing's hugeâ€¦" _Lennox thought as he tried to suppress his surprise "_it's taller than epps, hell it's even bigger than Hardcore Eddie- and that guy was huge!" _his mind raced,

doubting that it was even human, as they watched the black and white colored armor of the behemoth while at the same time it looked like it was studying them from behind its silver colored screen on the helmet, standing in a perfectly still like a statue. "Told ya it was cyborg-ninja thingy..." Epps whispered behind him, all of their attention focused on the imposing figure.

-Lennox, be advised: I think he's military, but he looks confused so stay alert.- Arcee commed the captain on the squad frequency.

"_Military? ... Good, hope that makes things simpler" _Finally able to think straight, after a few seconds pondering on what to say he finally spoke up.

"I'm Captain Major Lennox of NEST, CO of this squad. And you are?"

Almost looking as if it stood at attention the augmented soldier replied "Spartan-"

-OC's POV-

"Spartan-Alpha 2357 of the Spec. opps branch of the UNSC, sir" he replied to what looked like the humans squad leader's question, "_Humans" _he thought "_Hope they know something about the UNSC and also about those things" _he was confused, being a highly trained Spartan he was taught to expect the unknown on any task he would be given, but this was a whole new level of what he was prepared to expect. He needed answers to many questions which kept on growing in number. Sadly, it looked like it was going to be the other way.

All of the humans looked surprised about what he said, thanks to his augmented hearing he heard some of them whisper things like "UNSC? What's that? Some sort of special force?" or "that thing speaks english? Maybe it's some kind of DARPA project?" to which another one replied "No way! That armor is way too crazy to be from this century. You see the gun he has? Haven't seen that in any special forces and you know we've worked with a lot of 'em. That thing looks like it's from a sci-fi vidâ€¦"

At that moment it hit him, almost like being hit by a warthog, "_Futureâ€¦?" _something started to take place in his head: The retro-looking bike, those vehicles, the old looking armor the soldiers wore, the weapons they had looked exactly like some of those he read about in some history books, why that field looked like it was from an old history vidâ€¦ "_What ifâ€¦" _he couldn't finish that thought. It was almost like he was afra- no, Spartans did not fear- but he was seriously concerned with the possibility ofâ€¦

"Whatâ€¦ year is this?" he finally managed to say, the concerned hint of his voice barely there, but still caught by the three bots.

The Major cocked an eyebrow surprised, "20XXâ€¦?" he then said.

"_Shitâ€¦" _the Spartan cursed inward, not only had he travelled through space, but even time as well, that was a really serious problem.

A moment later he forced himself to get a grip

["â€¦focus on the situation at hand, when you're done with it THEN you think about the rest of your problemsâ€¦"] _His experienced Instructor had always said.]

And that's what he was going to do.

"I need you to answer a question, sir" he then said as his military training kicked in directing his voice towards the Major.

After a few seconds "Shoot" he stated.

"What are those weird vehicles? They give out really strange readings and at least one is autonomous." I said pointing to the Bike and its rider, the Pickup truck and finally the other yellow-colored H2 ambulance.

That completely caught the Major of guard "How did youâ€¦?" he managed to say moments later.

Suddenly another amused voice was heard

"Don't worry; I'll take care of this"

That voice came fromâ€¦ behind? He quickly turned around and saw that, what looked like the front-part of a truck was approaching and stopped a few meters away from the now alert Spartan.

"_Why the hell haven't I noticed before? I mean it's a fucking truck! If the others had seen this they would have laughed on this for the next decadeâ€¦" _ He quietly thought as he struggled to decide on bringing out his weapon or not, until something surprised him, the 'truck' had begun to change shapeâ€¦ Spartan training kicked in.

* * *

<p>Hello again!</p>

**Well that's the end of chapter 3, chapter 4 is on the way and will probably be posted in the following days. **

I can't establish my rate of uploading yet but after a few chapters I will probably slow down a bit (I certainly will NOT let this fic incomplete if I have something to do about it).

Anything you wish to comment, correct or suggest will be welcome if you review or PM me. I also accept any type of writing criticism even more so if it's a constructive comment that will help me in the future.

Hope you like the fic.

Thanks for playing

4. Standoff

Hello again! if this is our first time please go back to chapter 1 and read the story

Ok, I know I said in the last chapter that I would take a few days,

I lied, sorry for that

Truth be told, chapter 3 and 4 where together, but since it was way to long, I decided to split them up and add some content to this chapter.

* * *

><p>-Optimus POV (Personal perspective) -<p>

/ Optimus had been waiting close to their transport as the recon team had went to check out on the readings, after listening to the events over the comm. curiosity got its way with him and, after ordering Jazz his second-in-command to keep the transport safe he decided to go take a look in case things went the other way.

He arrived when their object of interest had wanted answers about his autobot companions, catching his human friend by surprise, so he decided to take matters in his own hands incase danger fell on his fellow humans, and his team-mates. The other reason was that he felt that he was almost sure he could manage to trust this human. /

After stopping in front of the armored human figure, I received concerned advice from my fellow autobots:

-Optimus, watch out: he's confused and may be dangerous. - A concerned Arcee beamed through the Comm.

-Affirmative. Ratchet; what can you tell me about our little friend?
- I replied

-Only what I managed with my passive scans: It's definitely human, although it looks like he has been augmented in some way because of its size, it also wears some kind of power-armor It even has a shield around him. For what I can tell its confused I recommend caution.-
The medic informed as if he had found an interesting subject.-

-Thank you old friend. Ironhide?-

-Not much to say, but I confess that he looks dangerousâ€¦| That's really something for a fleshieâ€¦|- The weapons expert answered with small bit of interest on his voice.

Yes, he does carry a warrior's aura with him.

-Autobots, I'm going to transform and be honest with him, something tells me we can trust it- I informed

My partners weren't completely happy with my decision but no one said anything against it. I then transformed.

For about 0'5 seconds while I transformed the warrior stood still, his neutral stance was still there, but there was a fairly concealed hint of amazement, it quickly disappeared as the warrior suddenly jumped to my left so that he could aim at both groups in front of him

as he brandished what looked like his weapons, holding a handheld weapon with his left hand aiming at the direction of my fellow bots and humans while he wielded a much larger odd-looking weapon (As I presumed) with his right shoulder and his arm, aiming it at my position.

Unsurprisingly, my comrades and our allies also transformed and/or took out their weapons, all of them pointing at the armored behemoth. What surprised me was another thing: the atmosphere he was releasing was that of an experienced warrior, with no hint of nervousness or fear in his stance.

-OPTIMUS! Watch out! That thing on its right arm was capable of shooting through the 'con with no problem at all! - Arcee warned me, a deep concern on her voice.

-And you wait until NOW to tell us?!- yelled Ironhide annoyed.

-HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THAT HE WOULD REACT AND MOVE AS IF IT WHERE SOME KIND OF SPARKLING?!- She retaliated

-Interesting, a normal human would have received a certain extent of injuries just by performing a move similar to thatâ€¦|- pondered our medic

While the comm. buzzed with everyone's comments I decided that I needed to stop this tense situation in the least harming way possible. So I decided to lift my arms in a careful way while I spoke.

"Calm down. We mean you no harm" I said with my calmest voice, he just stood there not moving. Good, hopefully I can establish a conversation and know what he is. Since Ratchet was right, no normal human could perform any quick movement similar to what we just saw.

After a few cycles in a tense atmosphere, the silence was broken by the warriors' words.

"What are you?" It asked, his voice carried no emotion and he was still holding his weapons in the same place as before, almost as if it were a robotâ€¦|

"We are autonomous mechanical beings from planet Cybertron. Our planet became incapable of sustaining life, caused by a war that had been fought for millennia between the two factions know as Decepticons and Autobots. After we were forced to scatter, we came across this planet and its inhabitants. We are currently living together in harmony, each helping the other against any threat with the intention to cause harm." I answered calmly, it hadn't fired yet which meant it didn't consider them as enemies yet. I noticed a small change in his demeanor, as if he felt less threatened.

My team expressed their doubts towards what I was doing, except Arcee, who seemed to be more interested in the warrior, and Ratchet as he looked like he was still deliberating on the results he had gotten with his scans.

"What are the Decepticon or the Autobots?" The Warrior said after a brief moment.

"The Decepticons are a faction that stops at nothing to get what they desire. They use any means necessary to accomplish this, even if it causes destruction, slavery or even betrayal between themselves." I honestly answered.

"And the Autobots?" came the next question.

"We Autobots are the opposite: We strive for our goal using cooperation and team-work, we do not search for violence and we only seek out to live in peace as we rebuild what the war has destroyed." I also answered. He then asked "Are you an Autobot?" to which I answered almost instantly "Yes".

After a few cycles, I thought it would be my turn to ask.

"Who are you then?" I asked in a calm voice. The Warrior took a few seconds but then answered.

"I'm Spartan-Alpha 2357 of the UNSC Special ops." He said

It wasn't a name, but it was better to stay safe, that would come another time, so I asked another thing.

"What is a Spartan?" I said to which he responded "Spartan are a special branch of soldiers highly trained and augmented with the mission to protect humanity."

I thought that it would be practically safe to lower our weapons since he didn't seem as if he were to attack. So I commed:

-Autobots, lower your weapons- I ordered

-But Optimusâ€¦! - Came the near-instant reply from Ironhide

-We can't stay like this all day and I don't think he wants to attack us. - I reasoned

-You sure about this Optimus? - doubted Lennox

I then spoke out loud to the warrior "If we lower our weapons first, would you lower yours?"

A few seconds passed, but then he nodded.

Major Lennox and his squadmates lowered their weapons, then Arcee, Ratchen and at last although a bit reluctant Ironhide. Few seconds later, the Spartan also lowered his weapons he still held them but he was aiming at the ground.

-William, is it fine if I offer him a way of transport? He may even end up being our ally. - I told my friend a trusted human partner.

-I was almost thinking the same thing- confessed the Major â€" But I'll need your help watching him, if he can kill a Decepticon I can't imagine what he can do to usâ€¦|-

-Affirmative, rest assured I'll have some autobots keep their optics

on him. - I reassured, adjusting a human expression.

-Then you've got my support. - was his last answer.

I then focus my attention on the Spartan, as he called himself

"We can offer transport and a place and some aid if you would accept"
I told him

After a few tense seconds he replied "Iâ€¦ Still need to go check on someâ€¦ beacons from the crash" he honestly said to which I offered "We could have some of our team check on them and pick up anything you require."

The Spartan then accepted "That seemsâ€¦ acceptable, but I require to keep my weapons and that you do not try to open anything you pick up on the beacons without me there, some of them are rigged in case someone tries to temper with it."

"Fair enough" Lennox replied approaching both of them.

-Lennox POV (Personal perspective) -

"Fair enough" I said as I approached both Optimus and the 'Spartan' (as he called himself)

I still had doubts about having agreeing with Optimus on our potential new recruit, and by the looks of the approaching Ironhide he also wasn't too sure about his leader's decision. As I got close I was still awed on the size of the Spartan, even more so after we all saw his insanely fast reaction to Optimus's transformation.

"Mind if I call you Spartan?" I then asked the armor giant as I got closer, he shook his head and said "By all means, sir" definitely military, I then did something I wasn't sure I was about to regret doing, but if by gaining his trust we can win him as an asset it may be worth the risk. So I extended my hand while I said

"I'll just introduce myself again. I'm Captain Major William Lennox from NEST" I ended as I held my hand in a handshake gesture. I could feel Ironhide's disapproval from my behind me but I needed this to start in a positive way.

The Spartan then grabbed my hand and shakes it as he says "Spartan-Alpha 2357, sir" and then he let go.

They say you can gauge the strength of someone when you handshake, if that's true then this guy maybe able to even lift actual tons, being his relaxed grip that strong.

As Optimus reached out for Bumblebee and Inferno for the pickup at the Spartans beacons, I turned around looking at the former-decepticon that lay not too far from where I was.

The Spartan seeing my intentions also turned around to face it and then asked, "Was that a Decepticon, sir?" I faced him and answered "Yes it was, you killed it, right?"

He nodded.

Ironhide who was close but not as much as to bother the Spartan inquired: "How'd you do it?" The Spartan then turned to face him, if he was surprised or nervous he hid it really well, and answered in an emotionless voice "It tried to catch me by surprise, didn't work. Tried its luck and attacked me again, a bad call, as it got itself killed." He reported facing the giant Iron bot.

IronHide grinned at that as I he commed me a private frequency

â€"You know? I think I like this fleshie already-

I rolled my eyes and faced Optimus as I walked in his direction.

When I got close to him, he noticed as he also turned to face me while I started saying "Hey Optimus, got a logistics problem, how are we gonna transport the Spartan?"

Optimus saw where I was getting at, how would 'we' transport a decepticon-killing human on the same vehicle as the rest of the squad? It wouldn't be good for moral as they would certainly be wary of him. Hell I would be kind of weary if he went close to me.

He came up with an Idea, I knew because his optics lighted up a little bit. "I will transport the Spartan." He then said, wait he said what?

"You'll take him?" I asked still trying to process, as he would have said, the information.

"Yes." He simply answered

"Wait a sec, Optimus that guy KILLED a DECEPTICON, BY HIMSELF!" I added still trying to find out what he was consequences this could carry.

"I don't think he would try anything to harm me, and it's the only way I think of without wasting too much time." He argued

"Ok, I give" I told him "I'll talk to the Spartan, but I'm not going to be the one telling Ironhide." I declared as I turned around making my way towards the Spartan.

I could have sworn I saw him smile as I turned aroundâ€|

- OC's POV (Personal perspective) -

A minute had passed since I was informed by the Major concerning my means of transport; I was to go with- , correction,*_IN*_ the truck shaped transforming 'autobot' as it called itself. Well truthfully, it was the best way to proceed in this kind of circumstance. I've also led a few times a team of marines and sometimes Spartan IV'sâ€| so this would possibly be the way I would have done itâ€|

I approached my mean of transport; it had already taken the vehicle form, as I still pondered on my current situation.

I've seen vehicles, hell even a whole ship being controlled by a single A.I. but that's a different storyâ€|

But as a good soldier, even if he didn't like it, he was going to do it.

After a few minutes inside the self driving truck, even as all my instincts screamed to grab the driving wheel, I was sitting copilot inside the blue and red colored truck.

Stillâ€¦ it wasn't the worst ride I've even been through; specially compared to the crashing pelican he had been earlier-

"That reminds me, I've never got your name" a voice suddenly came out from the radio. It surprised me, but I managed to hide it. I then answered with "Neither did I"

Not much later came the reply from the amused autobot

"hahaha, that's true" he said laughing, then continued "Well let me introduce myself: I'm Optimus Prime, current leader of the Autobots and practically an ambassador of my race"

I chuckled "Huh, good to kno-"at that moment it hit me

I was sitting, ridding co-pilot, in one of an alien race's big cheeseâ€¦

* * *

><p>Well that's it for this chapter

I tried to bring back the optimus from the unicorn saga instead of the way to serious Optimus from the movies.

Chapter 5 is in progress and since I have some time you may even see it today, if not it will come out between tomorron and the day after.

Same as always: If you so wish please leave a review or PM me if you have any suggestion, comment...

Hope you keep on reading

Thanks for playing

5. A face on the clouds

Hello again!

Welcome to chapter 5.

I know most my previous chapters were written like shit so this time I spent the same amount of time used writing to check and hopefully cut-down my grammar butchering

Please bear with me, as I'm still experimenting with different ways to write my story to express it the best way possible.

Statement:

****I do NOT own any rights of either Halo, or Transformers.****

****With that said****

****Hope you enjoy:****

*** * ***

><p>- Arcee POV (Personal perspective) -<p>

I sightedâ€¦ We were someplace in Asia, well technically 'flying over somewhere in Asia', heading back to Diego Garcia, where NEST's main base is locatedâ€¦

Still a few hours away from reaching the base, I decided (again) to look around the airplane's cargo bay. Thanks to my smaller size compared to the other mechs, I'm able to transform from my alt-form even when I'm inside the aircraft.

Unsurprisingly, not much had changed. Optimus was still in his alt-form at the end of the plane (most likely pondering over the events of the day or whatever Primes think aboutâ€¦). My two other sisters were also with me in same flight: Chromia, the oldest, had also transformed and was sitting beside me on one the special seats that NEST had kindly built in the planes for small transformers (normal seats would break from the weight), listening to the conversation that the fleshies were having. Flare-up, the youngest, was in her alt-form in her recharge mode also close by. The other bots had been split between the other 2 transports: Bumblebee, Inferno and Sideswipe where together on one; while Jazz, Ratchet and Ironhide were assigned to the other.

Most of the bots became concerned the moment Prime had agreed to go in the same plane the new-comer had been assigned (which some humans were already calling 'bot-killer') with mostly fleshies.

Don't get me wrong, I've got nothing wrong with the fleshies. But the thing was that this guy killed a 'con on his own and we didn't know what he was also capable of doing. Therefore; it was decided that myself and my sisters were also to go with this group, the reason being or aptitude to transform inside the plane.

But anyway, back to the main topic.

Most of the fleshies were in the frontward space of the transport, some of them 'sleeping', while the others did other things like chat, play cards (which's kind of an interesting game for what I heard from Flare-up and the twins), the rest of them inspecting their weapons or simply deep in thought. Lennox and Epps were the closest humans to our spot.

The new-comer was also sitting on one of the special-seat in front of me (Must be because of his armor) and close to him were some strange-looking containers Bumblebee and Inferno had found near the coordinates the strange readings where.

He looked like a statue since he had remained still for the whole ride except some slight movements when we passed through some turbulence a few hours ago.

â€|

The weird thing was that Prime almost trusted the Spartan, which made the rest of the autobots allow him to go with our leader. But I still didn't know what he saw in him. We all know from experience that when Optimus does something like this, there's always a reason behind it.

Chain of thought got interrupted as I saw that, after having a short conversation between them, Epps and Lennox stood up and were making their way towards the Spartan.

"You awake?" Epps started as he got close. At that moment the Spartan moved his helmet to face Epps while he voiced "Sir?"

"I came to introduce myself, since our illustrious Captain doesn't seem like he wants to." He complained while he smiled "Chief Master Sergeant Robert Epps although almost everyone here just calls me Epps" he said as he extended his hand for a 'handshake' which the Spartan took.

"Spartan A-2357, Spartan's fine too." He said

Epps looked as if that hadn't been what he expected while a smirk appeared on Lennox's face; they then proceeded with small talk.

Nothing serious, Epps and Lennox being the ones doing most of the talking while the Spartan replied a few times and only with one-liners. With nothing else to do I kept focused on their 'chat' (as humans called it).

After some time, the rest of the people on the plane started to quiet out and were eagerly listening to the conversation between their commanding officers and the Spartan. Flare-up had also exited her recharge, but still kept her alt-form. Epps suddenly came up with a something.

"Can I ask a favor?" he said catching the Spartans attention "Could you take off your helmet?-Sorry it's just kind of weird to talk to someone when you only see your face reflected"

At that moment a silence filled with eagerness took place as the Spartan lowered his head.

After a few cycles with nothing but silenceâ€| The Spartan chuckled and nodded as he lifted his head. He then placed his hands on his helmet, and after the sound of something unlock followed by a small hiss, he proceeded to take off his headgear.

What we saw left all of us speechless: There wasn't anything special, just a normal human's face. Brown hair, brown hard looking eyes, an above average facial look, he also had a small scar on his left eyebrow and had pale white skin ("most likely because of the armor_" I thought using the basic knowledge I had on humans) Most humans girls would think he was good-looking where not for his skin color, I theorized.

"Better?" he then said grinning with his clear voice, void of any

speakers interference, at the same time as the rest of the plane tried to catch their breath, Lennox and Epps eyes wide open.

"u-umâ€¦ yeah... I think" stammered Epps, caught completely by surprise.

After few silent cyclesâ€¦

"HELL YEAH!" suddenly cried one of the fleshies from at the front of the planes compartment, and the plane exploded with noise.

"Huhâ€¦ Well looks like somebody won a bet" my sister Chromia said amused with a grin on her face but still focused on the Spartan. I could also have sensed Flare-ups surprise, but I wasn't paying attention.

"_How is it possible that this normal looking human is capable of moving almost as fast as me?_" I struggled. "_Before I didn't think much about it because he kept the illusion of almost being a machine, but now?-"_

I spent some time processing on a number of things while the atmosphere slowly relaxed.

About an hour later, everything had returned to the way it was before, Epps and Lennox continued to talk to the Spartan.

It caught my attention when the Spartan asked

"You said that in NEST, humans worked alongside them,-" he said as he motioned towards us "-right?"

"Yeah, that's right" answered Lennox also looking at us. The Spartan suddenly lowered his head as he said with almost a whisper "Kind of reminds me of the treaty in 25XXâ€¦"

"Wait, what was that?" Epps interrupted the Spartan

"The treaty signed in 25XX?" the Spartan repeated, looking back up

"25XX? as in 'YEAR' 25XX?" Epps further inquired.

"Yesâ€¦" the Spartan confirmed with a cocked eyebrow.

"But that's impossibleâ€¦" joined Lennox who also looked puzzled "I mean, its year 20XX, the only way I see that happening is if you traveled through time!" he continued to ponder as the comm came interrupted

-An interesting theoryâ€¦- Ratched considered through the comm

The Spartan looked up confused

"Sorry, we normally leave our comm's on so that the guys on the other planes can hear what we say and the other way around. That was Ratchet, the autobot medic; he's the yellow H2 ambulance you saw earlier." Clarified the Major

"And the black pickup truck?" inquired the Spartan

-Name's Ironhide- stated the bot via comm

"Yeah, he's the weapons geek" added Epps with a smile.

-I heard that fleshie. Your gonna get it as soon as we land- answered back the displeased bot

"Only if you manage to catch me, you oversized toaster" countered the Sergeant grinning

"Don't worry, deep down he's a softie" Lennox said almost in a whisper, the Spartan smiled at the comment.

"How many autobots are there?" inquired the Spartan

"hahaha, we've got quite a handful of 'em back at the base" William laughed "but first let me introduce you to the three sisters back here-" he told him as he turned around to look at us

"First is the blue one, her name's Arcee" he added

"Hey" I said, to which the Spartan replied with a nod

"ma'am" he voiced

"The green one beside her, that's Chromia" the Major followed

"Hi" said my sister as she slightly waved one of her hands, in response the Spartan raised one of his hands smiling lightly "Hello" he said

"And finally the purple one, she's Flare-up, a bit of a rooki-" almost concluded Lennox before being interrupted by my transforming sister.

"HEY! That's mean!" snapped the femme at Captain as she finished transforming.

Everyone on the plane started laughing.

"No need to be upset! He's just joking!" one of the laughing soldiers said, "We still love you!" answered another.

Something caught my attention: As the word 'Rookie' had been mentioned, for just a moment, a hint of sadness appeared in the Spartans hard and emotionless eyes. A moment later, it was gone.

We all chatted a bit until the pilot announcement of our impending landing at NEST HQ.

After our landing at the NEST's main base, everything became serious again.

Night had already embraced the pacific island.

Many soldiers where exiting the airplanes, others where helping and guiding the autobots down the narrow ramps while Lennox and Epps

where giving orders and coordinating the operation. The Spartan had already equipped his helmet and, per Lennox's orders, he was helping to move the weird crates.

He lifted things no human could without the help of any equipment. As he grabbed and lifted one of the heaviest looking crates and with seemingly no effort, I approached him asking if he required any help, which he politely refused. Then, with everyone near the air transports looking awed, he proceeded to carry the heavy container without effort to its destination.

-OC's POV (Personal perspective)

I finally placed the last UNSC crate salvaged from the field close to one of the empty smaller rooms inside the hanger, "_Thank god I was carrying supplies, wouldn't like to be stuck in a different reality without any ammo or familiar weapons"_ I thought as I proceeded to check the state of the containers.

Few minutes later I saw Lennox and Optimus heading my way.

"I'm sorry, but I don't have any free quarters at the moment" apologized Lennox "You'll have to stay here for a few hours until I can sort it out" he then said.

"No problem sir" I replied "I'll just check the state of the crates if you don't mind"

After a moment of pondering, I came up with something

"I also have a thing to ask" I then inquired

"Shoot" was the Majors reply

"I would like to join NEST" I stated as I finally made up my mind on what to do.

Lennox then smiled while looking at Optimus who chuckled; he then looked back at me and said "We'd still have to make it official, but for what I care I'd be glad to have you on NEST" was his surprisingly quick reply.

"Thank you sir" I saluted.

He did the same. "Stay here and do whatever you want for the next few hours until I sort this out, may take till morning" said my new CO as he turned to exit the hanger.

Optimus then turned to face me as two other autobots entered the hanger.

"I'll leave Arcee and Bumblebee here to aid you if you need it" the bot leader said

"_Bullshit, I know it's to keep an eye on me" _I thought while I nodded

He was about to leave when he came up with something. "â€|I never actually got your name, Spartan" he voiced

I grinned behind my silver faceplate

"_Looks like I'll have to give up on my secret after all"_

"It's Arthur" I revealed.

A Spartans name was something only a few privileged people knew.

"But that's a secret." I added after my confession.

That seemed to amuse Optimus as a new light appeared in his eyes while he laughed

"Understood" acknowledged the bot. He then headed towards the exit.

The other two robots had finally made their way to where I was. Sure enough; Arcee was there (and she looked annoyed for what I could tell) with another yellow friendly looking bot (that must be Bumblebee).

As I continued with my earlier task of confirming the state of the familiar crates, I pondered on my eventful day.

"Need help?" I heard the femm's voice few minutes later

"Negavite ma'am thanks anyway" I answered still focused on my task and my thoughts.

Sometime after, I was sitting with my back against one of the crates, tired from the long day.

Moments later I entered a soldiers rest.

* * *

><p>That's it for chapter 5

I'll soon start with chapter 6 but I don't know how long exactly I'll take. I'll make sure it comes up during the next few days

**I'm also going to reload the earlier chapters once I've made repairs on my horrible writing, not sure when dough, but I'll get on it soon **

Same as always: Suggestions, tips, concerns, questions, doubts, doughnuts or candy...

Please review or simply PM ^^

Hope you still like the fic

Thanks for playing

6. Bits & pieces

Hello again!

****Sorry for the wait, I tried proofreading it a few times to further cut down grammar butchering****

****Same as always:****

****I do NOT own any rights from either Halo or Transformers****

**** I would also like to thank:****

**** FuzyDr4G0NZ****

****and ****

****edboy4926****

****For their kind reviews ^^ thx guys****

****With that said****

****Hope you enjoy:****

*** * ***

<p>-Arthur's (OC) POV-<p>

My eyes snapped open. I'd just slept for a few hours, a good enough rest for any Spartan.

I brought the time up on my HUD / 5:30 AM/ good.

Getting up, I examined my surroundings and stretched my arms.

"_Huhâ€¦ looks like it's still dark outside, should be dawning soon." _I then saw the two vehicles close to where I rested, a bike and a yellow car _"Must be Arcee and Bumblebee-" _I noted _"kind of looks like they're sleepingâ€¦" _for some reason I found that terribly amusing.

_"Ok, better not waste timeâ€¦ Should start with making inventory of the supplies we salvaged from the pelican." _I considered _"But first, let's see if I can get my hands on some sort of table or place to put some stuff onâ€¦" _I thought as I turned to inspect the one of the small rooms in the hangar I was in.

Looks like I made the right choice, that room seemed to have been used for storage in the past and a few tables and stands still remained. I silently managed to move a few tables to the hanger with no effort and brushed off the dust.

_"Now let's see what weapons were in the supplies I was tasked to transport to the Infinityâ€¦" _I pondered as I examined one of the several weapon caches.

Time passed quickly as I worked.

I took off my helmet whilst scanning the contents, and had left it on one of the tables of my provisional workplace.

I was speechless with my findingsâ€|

M5AE Assault rifles, BR90 Battle-rifles, M6K handguns, M80 SMG's, SRS-S6 Sniper Rifles â€|

_"It'sâ€| almost like I brought a whole armory!" _I thought astonished but nonetheless kept going

A few Rail-guns (aka Asymmetric Recoilless Carbine-960's)â€| Hell, even a couple Spartan-Lasers!

Replacement parts, silencers for the M6K's and SMG's, different scopes for the snipers and the BRsâ€| There were also a several crates filled with all kinds of ammo. _"There's enough here to supply a small army for a lifetime!"_

But there was still more! I noticed some of the remaining crates contained parts, replacement and even some armor mods for my latest Spartan armor: The MJONIR mark XII.

I-â€| I couldn't think straight.

Something was completely off; it was too much to be just a coincidence

"H-How is this possible?!"

"This makes no sense!" I deliberated _"Almost-â€|It's almost as if-â€| No!-no, that can't be right!" _

My mind was in absolute chaos.

Dawn had arrived to the pacific Island.

* * *

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

I became aware as I exited recharge mode.

I was currently in my alt-form in one of the hangers.

"Scrap! I fell into recharge!" I thought at the same time as I started to remember what happened last night. I then focused on the figure in front of me

It was just 6:00 AM human time, although most of the fleshies would still be sleeping, the now helmetless Spartan, whose real name was Arthur (she found out while she heard him tell Optimus the day before, thanks to her augmented receptors), looked like he had already been awake for some time. The reason I suspected this was that he had already placed a lot of things on top of some tables he managed to find.

The Spartan seemed concentrated on inspecting some of the objects he placed on the table with a concerned look on his face.

I also saw Bumblebee (still in recharge) in his alt-form next to me.

[Hey Bee, wake up] I commed the bot whilst I transformed.

(A/N: Sorry, but I'm gonna change the way I write about comm talks, I find it less confusing this way. I'll change the prev. chapters when I rewrite them)

Nothing, seems like he's in a really deep recharge.

It looks like I interrupted the Spartans thoughts as he had raised his head and was looking our way with an emotionless face.

"Good morning ma'am" he said with the same face.

"Umâ€¦thanks" I answered back, not knowing what to say

I thought I saw him smirk as he went back to whatever he was doing. I then faced the peacefully resting yellow bot.

"Hey Bee! Wake up!" I tried for the second time with the same result.

I sighted _"Looks like I'll have to do it the hard way_."

"WAKE UP!" I yelled kicking the grill of his alt-form

Bumblebee jolted as he hurriedly transformed searching for the enemy

After his not-so-nice wake up call. He gazed at me moving his arms as if saying *WHAT WAS THAT FOR?*

"THAT's what you get for not getting up the first time!" I angrily retorted

I then heard a chuckle. Quickly turning my head I saw the Spartan looking towards us, with an amused smile on his face

"That's a harsh way to wake up" he said laughing a bit.

Bumblebee nodded to that as he looked, curious about what the Spartan was doing.

"I'm just doing an inventory of the supplies you guys found yesterday" he voiced, answering the bots unspoken question while paying attention to his task.

"Where'd you get the table?" I asked. I didn't recall seeing one last night.

"Inside the room back there" He replied as he motioned towards one of the small rooms that were also inside the hanger. "Figured no one would be using them anytime soon ma'am" he then added as he kept working.

After some time I got curious.

"What are the things you've placed on top of the table?" I inquired; they looked similar to the weapons the humans carried, only these appeared a lot more advanced.

"They're weapons from where I'm from ma'am" He answered confirming my suspicion "from the UNSC"

"Why do you say that?" I interrupted

He lifted his head and started staring at me, puzzled

"UNSC?" he repeated

"No, not that, I meant why do you always call me 'ma'am' " I specified, Bumblebee seemed to find that funny.

"Oh! Sorry" it's just a habit" admitted the puzzled Spartan as he returned to his task

"Seems like he's always been in the military"

* * *

<p>- Lennox's POV-<p>

/0700 /

I've been awake for the last 30 minutes and was standing in General Morshower's office, discussing about yesterday's operation and our newest recruit.

"As I was saying, Arcee witnessed him killing a scorpion-like Decepticon drone." I continued with my report.

"Wait" The general interrupted "She blew her cover in front of a non-affiliated human?"

"No, Arcee maintained her cover, that man killed the target by himself" I replied correcting him. He looked really surprised

"Good, this will help with the official recruitment" I thought

Time passed as I kept describing what happened, starting from Arcee's report: Our first contact with him, Optimus's intervention and the following standoff. Also including the conversation Epps and I had with him on the flight back. I ended my report with his request to join NEST.

The general stayed quiet for a few minutes, pondering on my tale.

He finally asked "What do you think about the situation William?"

I honestly gave him my conclusion "Sir, this guy is able to fight on his own against a Decepticon so I think it would be a really good idea to have him on the team. Especially if Optimus trusted him enough to even offer to transport him."

"I'll go with your word Major." He finally declared after a few seconds of contemplation. He then stood up and started walking towards the exit of the building "Let's go visit our new recruit. Where is he Major?"

I grinned "I told him to stay in hangar 3 when we landed, sir." I replied walking beside him across the hallway.

"Good, go wake the sergeant up while I tell Optimus to meet us there as soon as he can" he ordered.

"Yes sir" I acknowledged as I saluted.

I went across the building heading to my friend's room thinking of a few things and remembering how much I missed my familyâ€|

"_I wonder how Sarah's holding and how much Annabel has grownâ€|_" I thought, missing my wife and my daughter.

As I pondered I also overheard a few loose comments about the Spartan, rumors really travelled quickly.

I finally arrived at Epps room _"Wait until he hears the news"_ I thought grinning

I unceremoniously kicked open the door as I enter yelling "Oi! Epps! Wake up! The big cheese's gonna check on the new-guy, and you're invited to the party."

Shortly after my partner groggily answered " â€|What new-guy?"

"Remember the walking tan-umâ€| I mean the **human** sized walking tank?" I corrected myself as I replied

" 'Bot-killer'?" came his really quick reply

"Yup"

His eyes snapped open "You shittin me?"

"Nope" I countered grinning

"Let's go" he said as he shot up, looks like he fell asleep with his gear on.

As we exited the building we met the general who had waited for us.

"Glad you could join us sergeant" the general said when he saw Epps

"Also wanted to see the new kid in town sir" he replied with a salute

"Well then, let's go" he said as he headed to the three hanger block that were directly opposite from the Main building we had just walked out from.

We arrived to the entrance of the hanger a few minutes later, seeing that Optimus and a few other autobots were already inside, we decided to head in.

As we approached, I noticed that the Spartan was talking to Optimus, but there was also a table with a lot of thing on top _"Good, looks

like he already took his helmet off" _I thought.

The Spartan seemed to notice our arrival as he turned to face us and saluted.

"At ease soldier" ordered the general, pleased. The Spartan lowered his hand.

"General Morshower, he's NESTs highest ranking officer" I introduced the general

"Pleasure to meet you Spartan, welcome to the: Nonbiological Extraterrestrial Species Treaty or Team depending on the situation" continued the general as he offered his hand

"Thank you sir" replied the Spartan handshaking the general

"What do you think about him Prime?" the general questioned the autobot leader

"I think he'll be a very powerful ally" confidently voiced Prime. I noticed Wheeljack nearby, working intensely on something. I got suspicious.

"Wheeljack, what are you working on?" I inquired the busy bot

"I'm working on a device that will enable us to watch the contents of the records in the Spartans armor" Absently retorted the insane autobot scientist. I looked at the Spartan who confirmed it with a nod.

"Hey Will!" I suddenly heard Epps call, catching everyone's attention (except Wheeljack, of course) "Check out this awesome looking gear!" he added

"Hello! How did I miss the table filled with extremely high-tech looking weapons?" _ I thought incredulously as I walked closer

It seemed the Spartan saw through my reaction as he chuckled "That's an assortment of weapons from the UNSC, there's still a lot more left in the crates you guys recovered yesterday" revealed the Spartan walking to the opposite side of the table.

For the first time, I started to believe in what he said of coming from the future. No one would be able to make weapons such as these without any blueprints in today's world.

"You mean there's still more?!" Epps asked, completely astonished

The Spartan chuckled again "Affirmative"

"It's just like Christmas!" yelled the extremely happy sergeant "You've gotta let me try them" he pleaded

"Agreed" I noted, baffled

"Sure" said the Spartan as he shrugged his shoulders

"You never told me the new recruit came with a shitload of weapons in

the same package, Major" commented the pleased General

"Can we keep him? Please?" comically added Epps, acting like a small boy would in a toy-shop.

Everyone started laughing

"AHA!" exclaimed a successful Wheeljack, as he placed the projector he had been working on, down on the floor looking at the Spartan.

"With this we should be able to get access to the Spartans armor data banks!" added the mad-scientist proudly.

The Spartan nodded as he grabbed some sort of datapad and started to work with it.

Moments later Wheeljacks projector hummed to life as data was being transferred to the device "These are some of the mission records I kept" commented the Spartan, but all of us where too focused on the images being shown

* * *

><p>That's it for chapter 6. T**ruth is It should have been a bit longer, but something funny popped in my mind so I decided to rewrite a few things**

I'll start writing chapter 7 today, It'll take a few days

Any suggestions, tips, worries, existential needs, candy... please review or PM me

Hope you still like the fic

Thanks for playing

7. Smells like badass

I'm back!

I got so absorbed writing that I was able to finish this chapter really quick!

I also included major references about some other things.

And again:

I do NOT own any rights from either Halo or Transformers, they belong to their respective owners (not me)

I would also like to thank the reviews from my readers.

Thx guys^^ I was able to finish this chap quicker thx to your support

With that said...

Hope you enjoy the chapter:

* * *

><p>- Third person's POV-<p>

The members of NEST had spent a few hours with their eyes stuck on the images being shown on Wheeljacks projector.

No one could ever had fathomed what this soldier was capable, the video logs made it look as if him fighting against a decepticon was one of the easiest thing he had done in his military career .

They saw him and other Spartans take out whole bases by themselvesâ€|Other times he would do it on his own! On another log they saw him and a team of Spartans, together with a couple of armored looking soldiers (ODST's), hold off an attack from thousands of weird-looking creatures without a problem. The Spartans even dropped from outer space, surviving a planetary entry as if nothing happened!

They were surprised when they saw him fighting humans, but what really left them astounded was when they saw the Spartan against wide assortment of different aliens and weapons. However, even in those overwhelming odds, the Spartan sometimes alone and other times along with other soldiers or Spartans, always managed to efficiently complete the mission.

Most of them jolted at the Spartans interruption as he said "I'm sending the last video log"

No one was capable to come up with an answer at that time.

Nevertheless, the recording started to appear on the hologram.

* * *

><p>

-Vi-doc-/

The screen started to focus revealing what appeared like some sort of hangar, many vehicles where spread across the room with many people working, repairing, patrolling or just talking. The room buzzed with activity./

The Spartan seemed to be waiting close to one of the troop-transport-like vehicle as he was looking at some mechanics load it with supplies.

He turned around and saw a small crowd of soldiers and mechanics alike forming next to what appeared to look like supply crates. It looked like it caught the Spartans attention as he then approached the group of people.

_When he arrived, He effortlessly moved to a position where he would see what the commotion was all about. He found his spot close to another dark-armored figure (not a Spartan though), he focused on a dark-skinned veteran looking soldier that was next to the crates which where at the center of the mass, he wore a green war-gear from

futuristic time. He also appeared to be smoking a cigar._

"LISTEN UP MARINES! I'VE GOT SOME ISSUES I'M GONNA WORK ON YOU FELLAS TODAY" he yelled efficiently quieting the mob.

"Looks like Christmas has arrived at the corps 'cause the eggheads sent us a whole lot of new toys" He said grinning while he pointed with his thumb the many crates that were behind him.

"And it seems my good looks along with my smooth talking made me the candidate to handle the introductions" He then turned around and picked up one of the weapons.

"This here is the SRS-S6 Sniper Rifle!" he said and at the same time showed the weapon to the crowd. "As always it's-"

"But Sarge that looks the same as the older model!" an armored figure suddenly complained interrupting the cigar-chopping marine.

"SHUT UP MYCKEY! I AIN'T DONE YET!" viciously snapped the Sergeant puffing smoke.

"As I was sayingâ€¦ It has the same shape as always BUT that's all they have in common" continued the sergeant "With the specs this thing has: You'll kill someone from so far away you would have to run for DAYS to T-bag the sunovabitch." declared the veteran

"Some of us could already do itâ€¦" retorted another armored voice

"Romeo, if you so much as open your mouth again we're not gonna be able to hear you. 'CAUSE YOU'LL HAVE A BULLET IN YOUR MOUTH!" howled the sergeant.

"After a brief pause while he chewed on his cigar "Yeah, I know what you're thinkin: 'Sergeant Major Johnson, these sounds like really awesome odds but I'll probably run out of bullets before I unlock my badass achievement!' " resumed the sergeant after his pause

"Well! I've got something for you" he then said grinning "This S6 Sniper rifle comes with EIGHT bullets per magazine" he said catching everyone's attention "that means: double the kills, twice the fun and possibly you guys killing as much as J.D. does in a single firefight!" he concluded pointing to the dark-armored figure next to the Spartan._

"NOW for our next item, my personal favoriteâ€¦" he said while he brought out a Spartan laser

_"THIS HERE is the new M6 Grindell/Gali-"he said struggling "Ah Fuck it, let's try that againâ€¦ THIS HERE is the new and improved SPARTAN LASER!" He continued after his small mishap. _

"Every one kept silent. "NO MORE will you have to toss this badass machine because it's out of juice. THIS new model has an awesome new feature, the power source is able to recharge after enough time passesâ€¦" He then boasted as if proud of the scientists work.

Suddenly one of the marines yelled

_ "OFFICER ON DECK!"_

They all hastily turned towards where the voice came from and saluted, it was the ship's captain.

"As you were." replied the matured looking captain, they complied and started to disperse. Moving back to what they were doing before.

The captain then approached the Spartan "Spartan A-2357?" he asked when he got in front of him.

_"Yes, sir" The Spartan said, saluting _

The captain replied "At ease, son"

The veteran looking captain then continued "I've just received your new orders, they came from highcom"

"ONI, Sir?" Inquired the Spartan, to which the captain replied with a nod "Most likely, it's classified"

The captain then resumed "You're orders are to fly this pelican and transport its contents to the Infinity" he turned around looking at the space transport "It's one of the new prototypes, equipped with a small jumpdrive" he then looked back at the Spartan "I don't know who ordered this or why is a Spartan tasked with a simple transport mission, the details were classified" Honestly confessed the puzzled captain.

"Me neither, sir" replied the also concerned Spartan

"But anyway. Good hunting Spartan, although I hear you already have luck on your side." He said as he saluted.

_ The Spartan saluted back, and after a nod the captain left._

The scene suddenly changed as the Spartan fastforwarded the recording /

It was now showing what looked like the pelican's cockpit/

A few minutes passed without anything happening. Then, a weird high frequency mechanical sound was heard.

Optimus suddenly commented surprised "Is that what I think"

_A few seconds later, the Pelican suddenly seemed as if something had viciously struck it, forcibly exiting slipspace. _

A planet appeared in the forward view, and it was closing really fast.

The Spartan unsuccessfully struggled to keep the bird under control as it plummeted into the atmosphere.

_"SHIT!" they heard the Spartan curse, he then stuck one of the buttons on one of the panels, they heard the pelican depressurize and

then thunderous wind._

All of them held their breath as they saw the Spartan run through the aft compartment, jump out and freefall while he observed the crashing, out of control bird.

After a few seconds later the booming sound of the Spartan hitting the ground was heardâ€|

/ End of vi-doc /

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

Hours went by while the soldiers and autobots alike watched my recordings, all of them spent the whole time practically without saying a word.

_"It must be like they're watching an action vid" _I thought. I spent the time reorganizing and securing the weapons I had taken out earlier today, placing them back into the weapon crates.

I needed something to keep my hands busy.

I needed to drown my thoughts from remembering how much I missed my fellow Spartans (who were like brothers and sisters to me), my instructor and my friendsâ€|

_"Chances are I'll never get to see them againâ€|" _I considered, depressedâ€|

My instincts told me someone was observing me.

I shot my head up andâ€|

Nothing; everyone was still focused on the holographic screen.

"_Weirdâ€|" _But I soon lost interest.

(Little did the Spartan know that Arcee really did stare at him while he showed his saddened face.)

As the last vi-doc ended; "I lost consciousness when I hit the ground, you guys found me soon after I woke up."I added, finishing the tale.

No one spoke a word. They all seemed taken aback from what they had just finished watching.

Epps seemed the first to recover "Wellâ€| that wasâ€| insane" he managed to finally voice, still awestruck. The rest snapped out of their trance as they remembered where they were.

"That was really somethingâ€|" Confessed the still puzzled general "But I still have many things to attend to. Prime, Major, Spartan, I'll see you later." He then added leaving the hangar, pondering on a lot of things.

"I think I'll also take a break. Gonna catch something to grub, you coming William?" added Epps soon.

"Yeah I'm with you" replied the Major "Wanna join us Ironhide?" he said looking at the giant black bot.

"Nah, I think I'll go get some target practice at the shooting range." answered the bot " 'Catch you later' as the human saying goes" he retorted walking towards the hangar's exit. Bumblebee seemed to have the same idea as he left right behind the weapons specialist.

Soon after, only three stayed behind: Optimus, Wheeljack and Arcee.

Prime seemed to finally awaken from his trance. "What's your opinion of this Wheeljack?" he inquired.

"Fascinating, all of it was absolutely fascinating!" replied the high-spirited scientist. "It would seem he travelled between dimensions!" he then conjectured, after looking at me, eager for more information "What more can you tell us?"

I reordered my thoughts and began narrating everything I knew about my 'dimensions' history: starting from the foundation of the UNSC

* * *

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

Time passed as the Spartan narrated his history.

He told us everything he knew had happened, the insurgents, conflicts, expansion until he reached the Human-Covenant war.

I was dumbfounded as I heard how much they lost and how close they came to extinction.

"Dozens of planets destroyed, countless cities obliterated, trillions of human lives lost"

I had been alive for Primus, how many cycles already?

I remember the war on Cybertron and when we were forced to leave. How hard it was for all the autobots as we roamed space But this guy had lived things that were almost thrice times worst of what she had gone through.

"How does he do it?" I thought as I looked at him "How is he able to keep moving forward after losing so much?"

Then, he told us about the 'Flood'.

I stood there horrified as he conveyed the events, the array of weapons known as 'halos' and the war humans and an ancient race that came before them had fought against this monster.

I looked at Optimus and saw sadness in his face; he must be thinking things along the same line.

What really made my spark hurt was his tale about the so called 'Prometheans'

"Waitâ€|" Interrupted Optimus "You said that theseâ€| Prometheansâ€| were humans that were converted intoâ€| machines?" asked our leader; it felt as if he was slightly angry

"Yesâ€|" confessed the Spartan "the details are still a bit sketchy, but we know that at least the Promethean Knights were onceâ€| they used to be human." Concluded the Spartan

We all fell silent as he concluded his story.

I now understood why they made soldiers as deadly as the Spartans, why they would take huge risks; such as dropping from orbit or singlehandedly take on entire bases filled with the enemy by themselves.

They were desperate.

They had been thrown in an endless cycle of conflictâ€|

They just wanted to survive.

All that they really desired: was peace

_ "How are you able to live like that?!"_ I anxiously questioned the Spartan in my mind _"How are you able to move forward and keep living when everything in the galaxy seems like it wants to kill you?! I mean look at you! You're smaller than me and yet you still keep struggling to protect everyone!"_

"Why are you still fighting after all you've suffered?!" I exclaimed inwards. My Spark ached; it hurt with the thought of having to live my life the way he had lived hisâ€|

Optimus seemed to have reached the same conclusion as he then voiced

"Why do you still keep fighting, Arthur?" inquired a troubled Optimus

Sadness then took place in the Spartans eyes. He lowered his head a bit.

.

.

.

He then raised his head, his eyes now filled with a new light.

"â€|for humanity" he started

"**To win humanity's future!**" was Arthur's unwavering answer.

_"How can you be so strongâ€¦!" _

* * *

><p>

A Spartans steeled will...

Well that's the end of chapter:

Yes, I know I almost scripted the "Bip bap bam" Vi-doc, but I found it so awesome that I couldn't help myself. Johnson is so badass that he HAD to appear in my fic. I also included other halo characters.

I'll probably start chapter 8 soon. As always, It'll take a few days at the most.

Comments, suggestion, tips, candy (Yes I still want candy) or other things... please review or PM me.

until we meet again

Thanks for playing.

8. Doctor's orders

***humming*... Oh! Hello reclaimer!**

...

Ok finally got that out of my system let's get back to the usual:

Hello again!

I think this is starting to become an addiction cause I'm spending more time writing this fic instead of doing other unimportant things...

**But anyway, Chapter 8 is done and posted **

(You already knew that?... dammit)

This time I'll change my order of doing things:

First:

-I'll like to thank everyone who reviewed or PM me: Major simi, philipgearey and specialy edboy4926 for helping me out with some facts about the story.

**Thx people^^ **

**Second: **

-I do NOT own any rights from either Halo or Transformers

****With that said****

****Hope you enjoy:****

*** * ***

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

An hour had passed after the revelation of the Spartans dimension's (Wheeljack started calling it that way) past.

I had changed site and now was in hangar nÂ° 2, also known as the autobots living quarters.

The humans let us use both two out of the three hangars for our daily needs, and for efficiency purposes, we used hangar nÂ°1 for all the task related needs: We hold our official meetings and mission briefing there.

The rest of the time, we autobots just hang around the base, each of us finding our own way to spend time.

Most of the mech's would spend part of the day near the firing range, specially designed for both human and bots to have their firefights and prepare them for any upcoming battle. Others would spend time tending to other matters, such as Sideswipe and Mirage racing each other across the Island, the twins causing mischief or simply helping the humans as Bumblebee or Inferno did. Today was an exception it seemed, a lot of autobots were in the hangar.

But anyway, I had returned to our quarters for a much needed energon supply; because I had been tasked on watching the Spartan after the mission, my energon level was running low. I was currently near one of the energon dispenser, talking with other bots while refueling.

"You hear from wackobot the crazy shit that guy's done?" I heard Skids ask.

"No way! gotta be fake, even autobots would have it hard trying to do stuff like that" I then heard his twin reply after hearing some of the details.

_"As if it were that easy to fake the detailed logs he showed usâ€|" _I bitterly thought. I couldn't blame them from doubting after they heard what the Spartan had done.

"â€| on another one I saw him along with other fleshies drop onto a planet from outer spaceâ€|" another voice broke her concentration as I shifted my focus to another group of bots in the hangar. It seemed like Ironhide and Bumblebee were sharing the Spartans tales to some other mechs. Ironhide's voice was filled with respect, something I had only heard when he talked about other brave warriors, but never when he talked about a human.

"Amazingâ€| Even I can't make a planetary entry without getting a bit banged up" said Sideswipe with awe.

"That's cause you're a noob." Sniggered Mirage

"What was that?!" retorted the taunted autobot, they started fighting again.

sigh _"I wonder when those two will stop fighting about every little thing" _I tiredly thought

A femm's voice caught my attention.

"Hey, Arcee" I heard my older sister call; I faced the source of the voice.

Chromia, along with my youngest sister: Flare-up, and our commanding officer Elita-one, were walking towards me.

"Are the rumors about that human true?" Asked my older sister "The things about him fighting hundreds singlehandedly or repelling whole alien assaults?"

"Yes it's all true" I confirmed "I saw the recordings myself."

"This is quite interestingâ€|" commented our experienced femm commander as she meditated over the possibilities.

"That's an understatement" retorted the young Flare-up; she seemed awfully interested in the Spartans adventures. "Reminds me of the stories we used to hear in Cybertron." She quietly added.

"If only this had been just a taleâ€|""

"Speaking of which, where is this warrior?" Inquired Elita

"He's in the med bay." I answered "After Optimus saw how he crash-landed; he thought it would be a good idea to have Ratchet run a few scans on him since he also knows a lot about human physiology, in case he had some sort of injury or malfunction." I further added "Took Prime a good fifteen minutes to convince him, he doesn't seem to like health-checks much." I chuckled.

"I seeâ€|" was Elita's reply. She looked as if she had found something really interesting and was smiling slightly.

"Why don't we go check it out?" then proposed Flare-up "I'm curious about what Ratchet'll do to him." she grinned.

"Good suggestion" Elita approved

"I think I better help stop Sides and Mirage, before they break somethingâ€|" complained Chromia, dejected.

The twins had already disappeared and were most likely causing trouble somewhere else.

Bumblebee also seemed to catch up on our plan as he approached as if saying *I'm coming too!*

* * *

><p>-Optimus POV-<p>

We had arrived at the med bay almost half an hour ago.

After my conversation with Arthur and his narration about his 'dimensions' past, I was completely awed by the resolve in his answer as he declared his reason for fighting.

"His resolve reminded me of myself when we were still fighting for Cybertron."

Soon after spending some time meditating on what Arthur had said, I recalled how he had arrived on this planet. I was concerned about his health after the Spartans crash-landing so I offered him to come to the med bay to let Ratchet have a look at him.

Contrary to popular belief, Ratchet was a capable medic for both transformers and humans as he had spent a lot of time researching on their organic structure. He had already proven his knowledge countless times on the many missions he had been part of in NEST.

But I still spent fifteen minutes convincing the Spartan on accompanying me to the med bay.

And here we were, in hangar number one, inside Ratchets meticulously built repair room.

The now helmetless Spartan, per Ratchets orders, was on top of one of the platforms the medic uses to work on the autobots, he did not look happy at all.

"I still don't like this, Optimusâ€|" voiced the concerned warrior.

I chuckled. He was capable of fighting enemies that vastly outnumbered him without second thoughts, but he seemed to be distressed when he was to have a medical examination. _"Kind of reminds me of Ironhide" _I noted, the weapons specialist also hated getting a checkup.

"Do not worry; I've placed my life on Ratchets capable hands countless times." I conveyed, trying to appease my newly found friend.

"Yes" voiced the autobot's medic "I'm not going to dissect you, I'm just going to cut you open to see your insides" he said cryptically while twitching his fingers, alerting the Spartan.

After a brief pause Ratchet laughed "hahaha, I'm joking, I just need to run a few scans to see what's state your body's in." the medic added as he started to actively scan the tense warrior.

When he finished, Ratchet started reporting "The scans indicate you have several bruises across your body, some internal lacerations, a couple of strained muscles and an inflammation in your left elbow among other thingsâ€|" he methodically recited

"Normally I would have ordered you to lie down and rest until your injuries have been healed, but your armor seems to have dispensed some sort of healing agent on the injured areas and will possibly heal the damage in just a few hoursâ€|." He pondered further.

"Good, I'll just walk it off" retorted Arthur

I then received a private comm message.

[Optimus, while scanning I've found out of some very interesting data.] Reported the medic

[What is it old friend?] I replied

[Normally the amount of injuries he has would make a normal human not be able to even stand. But the thing is: this soldier has been augmented.] He pointed out. [His bones are as dense as hardened metal, his brain activity is of the charts and he also has some sort of cybernetic implant on his brain tooâ€¦] he seemed interested

[After what he's been through I'm not surprised] I commented

[I heard from Wheeljack. Are all those crazy rumors true?] He asked doubtfully

[Indeed they are Ratchet] I confirmed

The Spartan did not look happy "How long is this going to take?" he slightly complained

"Almost, just wait a for a few cycles" confronted Ratchet

That did not help the displeased Spartan.

After a while, Ratchet finished "I'm done, your injuries should heal in a few hours but I still recommend not to engage in any violent actions until you have fully recuperated" was the medics judgment.

"Roger that" acknowledged the Spartan putting his helmet on, as he was about to jump down from the platform.

"Wai-" interrupted Ratchet, trying to stop the Spartan from suffering the 5 meter fall.

He failed as the Spartan expertly landed, without difficulty, on the floor. He then looked back at the mech.

"Thank you" he honestly expressed, catching the bot out of guard.

Ratchet shook his head, "Your welcome" he then replied with a smile.

I also smiled at the Spartans action. Ratchet normally didn't show any emotion to anyone except a few autobots.

[So what is your opinion of him?] I asked my friend

[Well for starters he is the first human to ever say 'thank you' right after I try to help him, I'll probably get attached to him soon] he teased, making me chuckle.

We left the med bay.

I talked with Arthur about a matter of things like our history, our war, as we headed to the command center. He seemed eager to learn, and that almost made me laugh because he resembled a sparkling.

When I entered, I found Jazz and Prowl there.

"Hey Optimus" greeted the silver bot

"Commander" Saluted the always serious Prowl

"Greetings you two" I addressed both of them, I then looked at Arthur and said "Spartan, meet my second-in-command: Jazz, and my best military strategist: Prowl."

The Spartan looked at both of them and saluted "Pleasure to meet both of you."

"Whassup?" was Jazz's answer

Prowl on the other hand replied "It's also an honor to make your acquaintance"

Jazz then laughed "hahaha, no need to be so formal man, chill out!" he voiced "We've also heard a lot of crazy stuff about you, this true?"

Arthur shrugged "Depends on what you've heard, but possibly, yeah."

"Intriguing, that gives me high expectations" Prowl commented as his logical processor were working.

"But anyway "interrupted Jazz "Let me welcome you to our command center; this is where we decide the fate of the world around two times a week" he said as he motioned around the high-tech room.

"Sounds amazing." said the Spartan

"What you really meant to say was: 'Awesome man!'" Corrected the relaxed bot, laughing

We all spent some time talking until the door opened, revealing a group of bots entering the room. Three femm's: Arcee, Flare-up and my trusted femm officer Elita-one, along with Bumblebee.

"There you are!" Taunted the femme commander, "You'd think Primes would be easy to find"

"I don't hide from my opponents, if that's what you're implying" I countered grinning

"Is this our infamous new warrior?" she inquired looking at the Spartan "My, they really come in small sizes now" she said giggling.

Arthur saluted "I'm Spartan A-2357"

"Oh! Sorry, my name is Elita-one; the commander of the femm autobots,

It's a pleasure to finally meet you." She proceeded

"Likewise, ma'am" was his response.

Bumblebee seemed to be having fun while he transmitted *There he goes again using that 'ma'am' thing again, it's gotten Arcee's processors overheating.*

I laughed while the Spartan looked back as if puzzled at my yellow scout's comment.

"I forgot to mention it; Bumblebee's voice module got damaged in battle a long time ago, and we're still working on getting it fully functional." I explained to our new friend

"_'Sorry!'" _Quoted the yellow bot using audio files, at the same time he placed his hands together, apologizing.

"It's nothing" voiced the Spartan seeing the bot. Flare-up giggled at the situation

Elita was smiling at the scout's earlier comment as she said towards her subordinate "Arcee, 'ma'am' is a word human warrior's use when respectfully addressing a female figure, it's similar to 'sir' for the males."

Arthur lowered his head dejected

"I apologize; It was not my intention to offend anyone" he honestly expressed.

"Oh, no! Its nothing." quickly interrupted Arcee "It's just" I found it weird that's all" she clarified.

I received a comm from Elita.

[He emits a really interesting presence" she sent

[I agree, and he also has amazing skills from what he has shown me.] I replied

[Does he have a name?] Jazz inquired, joining the conversation

[Yes he does, his name is Arthur. But don't call him like that unless he allows you to, it's something precious for him.]

[Interesting" What else can you tell us about the Spartan?] Added Prowl

[I'll tell you what I know later, but first" I said as something occurred to me

"Bumblebee, can you help the Spartan and show him around the base?" I suggested speaking up.

Elita, catching on what I was onto: "Arcee, Flare-up; why don't you two also help out?"

"But-" began to protest Arcee before she was interrupted by the other two.

"Ok!" enthusiastically voiced Flare-up

"'_Aye aye captain!_' " was the scouts quoted response while nodding.

"I- umâ€¦ thank you" was Arthur's response, he seemed to know what my intentions were but didn't object.

I saw Arcee sigh at the Spartans reply, she didn't voice any further complains.

The four of them walked out the room, leaving my officers and myself alone in the command center.

* * *

><p>That's it for chapter 8

I'll start chapter 9 shortly, dunno how long It'll take, promise it'll be before a week passes tops (most likely before but I hate time limits T.T)

Suggestions, questions, comments, candy... please review or PM me

Hope you still like the fic.

Thanks for playing

9. Listening by accident

Hello!

It took some time to finish this chapter because I had a lot of other things to attend to. I blame college.

But anyway let's continue

First of all:

Thanks to everyone who reviewed or simply read my fic:

It really helps people, Thank you^^

Second:

I do NOT own any rights of either Transformers or Halo

With that said

Hope you enjoy:

* * *

><p>- Optimus's POV-<p>

After Bumblebee, Flare-up and Arcee left to give a tour around the base to the Spartan: Arthur; I commed Wheeljack and told him to bring

the projector we had used this morning to watch the Spartans recordings.

During the time the recordings were being shown, I started to explain everything I had been told about the history of his reality.

When the recordings ended, my fellow autobots were in the same state I had been earlier. After a long pause, they started to snap out of their trance.

"That was Badass" was the comment from my astonished second-in-command.

"I'll have to reconsider his tactical value" was Prowl's statement

"I- I can't imagine all he has had to go through in his life" stuttered Elita. She then recomposed herself "That man would have been a legend if he had been born as a Transformer."

"Also, that sound at the end of the last recording" she then observed when she remembered.

"Yes, I also recall hearing it somewhere else" I added "It was when Sam used the Allspark back in Mission city"

"My thoughts precisely, all the transformers heard the sound, even the ones that were many light-years away. But for the signal to have travelled between dimensions and cause a reaction that violent" Wheeljack pondered.

"What are we going to do with him?" then asked the femm commander "I assume the humans have accepted him in NEST."

"Hell! If they ain't I'm gonna invite him to the autobots myself!" replied Jazz "With Optimus's permission of course." He then added.

I laughed "Don't worry my friend, he already asked Lennox, who accepted."

"What concerns me is how he is going to adjust to this reality" I further added "I don't think Lennox, Epps and the soldiers will be a problem, but most of the humans will probably not be the same case."

"True, it took them a long time to accept us. I can't imagine how they'll act towards something like him. Most humans will probably view him as the middle ground between them and us" intelligently added the femm.

"She's right, but how can we help him adjust to the conditions of his new home" I pondered.

"Then why don't we assign him a guardian?" supposed Prowl, this caught the bots by surprise. "Although he is very capable of defending himself, the problem seems to be that he isn't used to this situation. Therefore, if we assign a guardian to help him adapt, it will make things many times simpler."

"That's a brilliant idea, Prowl" I complimented my friend "Now the

question would be; who is suited to be the Spartans guardian?"

"I'll take 'im" voiced Jazz

I kindly rejected his offer, "I'm sorry Jazz. I can't burden my second-in-command with something like this."

"Wait" interrupted Elita "What about those three? They seem to be awfully interested in him." She proposed, referring to Bumblebee, Flare-up and Arcee.

"I can't burden Bumblebee with another human; he still has Sam and Mikaela to watch overâ€¦" I replied as I shook my head.

"Flare-up is still adjusting to life on this planetâ€¦" continued Elita "So that only leaves us with Arcee."

"Well, she seems to be really interested in the Spartan; I've seen her looking at him concerned when he disclosed his taleâ€¦" _

"I agree." I replied nodding "We'll tell them once they get back."

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

A few hours had passed after I had left Optimus with his officers alone in their command center. I knew they offered me the tour because Optimus wanted to talk to them alone about something. But I didn't mind, I was even grateful for the offer.

I was now sitting shotgun on Bumblebee's vehicle-form; we were driving around the base after they had shown me their quarters and other facilities around the base.

It had been a strange yet interesting experience. When we arrived there were a lot of transformers there, I recognized Ironhide and Arcee's sister: Chromia but the rest of them were unknowns. Curiously they also were a bit mindful about me when we first entered; as if I were some sort of imposing figure to them. They all kept their distance, except Ironhide and Chromia.

After some time passed the others also started to approach, and soon we all started talking between each other. They mostly talked about the rumors that had spread about my actions, they asked me questions and in return I asked them questions about their history, which mostly surprised them, they said that I'm one of the few 'fleshies' that were interested in their past. The conversation also focused on what happened yesterday from our different point of views, I found it amusing how most of them wanted to know my personal perspective in the battle with the Decepticon.

An hour passed until we decided to leave the hanger, we then headed towards different facilities in the base. What really caught my interest was the firing range; it seemed to be perfectly made for both human and autobots to use.

We were now heading towards where the human facilities were located.

Arcee and Flare-up were also following us. Arcee had been very helpful when things needed to be explained, since Bumblebee has problems with his voice module. Flare-up on the other hand was one of the bots that were eagerly asking about my past, she seemed to be really interested in the subject, constantly asking questions, it reminded me of the Spartan IV recruits we sometimes had to help.

We arrived to what appeared to be the central building.

Major Lennox seemed to have been waiting for us, Ironhide possibly warned him of our tour, and was approaching the group. I exited Bumblebee and watched him and the femms transform.

When the major arrived, I saluted "Major, sir"

"No need to do that Spartan" He chuckled "not while we're at the base"

"Butâ€¦" I began to protest

"That's an order, Spartan" He then said amused

"Yes, sirâ€¦" I reluctantly agreed

"Also, enough with the 'sir' attitude" he added "just call me Lennox, got it?"

"Affirmativeâ€¦Lennox" I voiced, fighting all of my instincts that screamed not to.

"Good" he nodded, satisfied "Now, with that out of the way let's get you up to speedâ€¦"

And the autobots, human, Spartan group went on with the tour.

"I've been fighting with the assholes back at Washington for about two hours before you arrived." commented Lennox "I told them you were a capable mercenary and that we would keep you under surveillance, they wouldn't believe what you really are, even if I shoved you in their facesâ€¦"

"Just like ONI back home, greatâ€¦"

"But anyway" continued Lennox "We finally managed to shut them up, and now you're officially a member of NEST, congrats."

"Congrats" I heard Arcee and Flare-up echo, both smiling.

Bumblebee made the thumbs up gesture.

"Thank you" I appreciatively answered

"We've also found living quarters for you, were still setting things up and transporting your gear, but I think you'll have a bed to sleep on tonight." finally revealed the major.

"Much appreciated"

"No problem. With what you're capable of doing, we will soon start having to thank YOU." retorted Lennox, grinning.

He suddenly shot his hand towards his ear, he seemed to have a communicator "Lennox hereâ€¦| yeah I'm with him nowâ€¦| roger that, we're on our way."

He then faced me "It was the general" he clarified "He wants to talk to you. It's about some of the rules and regulations of the base. He also said he's got you an ID."

"Lead the way" I replied

We then headed back to the main building.

When we arrived Lennox turned towards the bots "Sorry guys, I need to borrow the Spartan for a while, I'll give him back when I'm done" He apologized

"No problem major" was Arcee's response, Bumblebee just shrugged his shoulders. Flare-up on the other hand looked as if she was distracted with somethingâ€¦|

* * *

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

Few minutes had passed and I already was bored out of my processors.

The three of us were around building A's entrance; I was pacing around, Bumblebee was sitting and Flare-up was standing still, focused on something.

_"I wonder what Optimus wanted to talk about when he ordered us to leaveâ€¦|"_I thought as I paced around in circles. "_What didn't he want the Spartan to know?"_

Flare-up suddenly giggled.

_ "Scrap, is sheâ€¦|"_ I doubted

I looked at Bumblebee, who also looked at me.

"Yup, she's doing it againâ€¦|" I mentally cursed

"Flare-upâ€¦| what are you doing?" I questioned my sister

She jolted. "No-nothing, I'm just thinking over stuffâ€¦|" she stammered

Bumblebee frowned *_Only?_*

After a few seconds, she lowered her head dejectedly "Iâ€¦| I might have hacked a comm frequencyâ€¦|" she timidly admitted.

"*sigh* How many times have I told you NOT to hack human communication channels?" I chastised my sister

"I'm sorry! But I got really bored! It's not my fault that armor's comm sist-" she stopped herself by covering her mouth

"Wait! Did you just hack the SPARTAN'S comm?!" I asked, baffled

"NO...wellâ€¦| maybeâ€¦|" quietly confessed the femm

"What-?!... HOW did you manage to do it?" I inquired

"It wasn't that hard! I just did it the way we communicate between the bots! How was I supposed to know it would actually work?!" She complained

Something seemed to pop on Bumblebee's mind, because he was grinning:
Why don't we check on what they're talking about?

"What?" I blurted, completely surprised

It's not like we hacked it, so that means it's just an accident
proposed the bot

_"Well that's trueâ€¦| I'm also curious about what the general wanted to talk aboutâ€¦|" _

I finally gave in "Flare-up, share the comm frequency, please."

She nodded and shortly after I was already eavesdropping into the human's conversation.

/

"â€¦| anyway, I know you're new to this reality but I need you to be careful about a number of things." I heard Morshower's voice

"I'm all ears, sir" replied the Spartan

"Good. First of all is your ID: We told the higher-ups that you were a very competent mercenary that got involved in one of our operations, you weren't known because you worked under the radar in a lot of different countries and skillfully cleaned up your tracks. That ok with you?" the general asked

"Affirmative" was Arthur's answer

"Next, protocols concerning information or conduct about the Transformers are also to be strictly maintained during the entirety of any operation, you are not to speak of them to any non-affiliated person that doesn't have clearance, no matter what ."

"Question, sir" interrupted the Spartan

"Yes?" encouraged the general

"If the situation suddenly involves a civilian and he/she manages to see one of the Transformers by accident, or even records any sensitive information?" inquired the Spartan.

_"Why would he ask something like that?" _I thought.

"There are a number of protocols concerning that but basically; you priority would be to protect the civilian, you're also allowed to requisition any device containing classified intel." The general

answered.

After a small pause the general voiced "I didn't expect that kind of question. Did your military have similar rules?" his voice filled with curiosity.

"No, just ONI and the Cole protocol sir" the Spartan revealed

"ONI?" interrupted a puzzled Lennox

"Sorry" Arthur apologized "It stands for Office of Naval Intelligence"

"So it's like our CIAâ€|" retorted the major "And the Cole protocol?"

"The Cole protocol was an emergency measure the UNSC established to protect Earth and her colonies; such as erasing any navigation data or astro-charts, the self-destruction of any ship in danger of imminent captureâ€|." The Spartan told the soldiers

/

[That's exceedingly strictâ€|] remarked my sister on a separate comm.

[After you hear what he's had to live through, you'll understand why they implemented things like thatâ€|] I dejectedly replied to my sister

[*but that's still kind of harsh*] pointed out the scout.

[Poor guyâ€|] sadly added Flare-up

"And you can't even imagine the rest of the horrible things he's sufferedâ€|"

/

A while after both the soldiers were described some of the rules in the UNSC.

"â€| You did what you had to do for Earth's survival, and for that you have my respect." commented the general.

"Thank you, sir" expressed the Spartan

"Well I think this should be enough for now" later voiced the general "I'll send a few documents to your reading quarters when their ready. Do you require anything else?"

"Umâ€|" the Spartan slipped while he seemed to be struggling to say something

"Come on Spartan, if you'd like something else just say it." Prompted the general

"â€|Books or reports sirâ€|please" he quietly added, but that didn't seem to surprise the general.

The general chuckled "I understand what you mean; I'll send a few reports about our missions and a couple of books I have along with the documents."

"I'd appreciate itâ€¦| thank you sir" he sincerely expressed, Lennox laughed a bit.

/

[Well that was something I didn't expectâ€¦|] I uttered

[*O.O*]

[So the super-badass-space-warrior likes to read huh?] Sniggered Flare-up, she must have found it really amusing.

/

"One last thing" added the general "I want to ask you a personal question."

He seemed to have gotten a possible reply because he then spoke "What is your input about the Transformers?"

"Off the record, sir?" inquired the Spartan

"Yes" he confirmed

Our sparks froze as cycles went byâ€¦|

Arthur's voice was heard "They are the first friendly non-human beings I've ever encountered. I can't find reason to have any hard feelings against them since they have always treated me fairly and with respect for the short time I have spent with them. I'm actually more worried about them being cautious around meâ€¦|"

I heard Lennox grunt "I don't think that's possible, they could possibly hurt someone from being too kind with them, before they would ever be wary about anyone." He laughed

"Thank you for your honest response Spartan" then said Morshower

"Well, that's all for today." wrapped up the general "If you need anything else just ask Lennox or me."

"Will do sir" he said, I pictured him saluting

"Dismissed" the general ended

/

"Shut the comm Flare-up" I ordered my sister

"But! ... Alrightâ€¦|" she unwillingly agreed

A few minutes later, Lennox and the Spartan exited the building.

"Sorry for the wait, I'll fill you in on what happened another time,

you guys should finish the tour and head back to Optimus." He told us "It's getting late"

He was right, many hours had passed since my activation this morning, the sun was about to set.

But since there was still time, we decided to walk back to the autobot hangars.

* * *

><p>Well that's it for chapter 9

I know I've already posted 9 chapters in just a bit more than a week but I'm going to slow down the pace.

Please don't blame me, blame College, its his fault I swear

But anyway, new chapter will be uploaded in a 2-5 day time period.

I'm really sorry for this but I need time for other important things.

Thank you for your patience

Suggestions, comments, propositions, candy, time... please review or PM me^^

Hope you still enjoy the fic!

Thanks for playing

10. Old shadows

Hey!

I'm back and I bring chapter 10 with me.

First of all:

I'd like to thank everyone who reviewed and PM'd me, it's thanks to people like you and your ideas that help this fic keep getting better!

Thx a ton^^!

Second:

I do NOT own any rights related to Halo or Transformers

With that said

I hope you enjoy:

* * *

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

Few minutes had passed as we were peacefully walking back to the Command center back at hangar 1.

I pondered on what we heard when we eavesdropped on the Spartan and Morshower's conversation.

"I don't understand why he would trust us when almost every other alien he has encountered was trying to kill him"

It didn't make sense.

"We'll Prime WAS the one who first talked to him and told him the truth." No one really knew how he could do certain things or even WHY he would do them.

"Must be a Prime thing" I once more concluded. It's kind of an easy way to explain things I couldn't process about Optimus Prime.

Almost halfway there, the Spartan abruptly stopped.

"What's wrong?" I prompted the Spartan. It looked like he had something he wanted to say.

He then faced Flare-up "Ma'am, next time, can you please warn me before opening a COM channel?"

That caught us all by surprise "Scrap! He found out!"

[*Busted*] beamed Bumblebee

[How did he?] Uttered Flare-up, via com.

I recomposed myself [I don't know, but we should come out clean, tell him the truth Flare-up.]

[Roger] was her reply

"I'm sorry, it was an accident" honestly apologized my sister.

"She didn't mean any harm" it's just a bad habit of hers, she didn't mean to upset you." I quickly added to my sister's defense.

"*-she meant no offense" don't take it personal-" _quoted the yellow bot also making an apology gesture.

"No, no" voiced the Spartan as he shook his head "It's no problem at all, I just wanted to let her know for future occasions. I'm not upset."

He then later inquired "I take it the three of you were able to listen to my conversation with the general?"

"Yes" she quietly confessed "Wait! What?" she then blurted surprised.

"You KNEW we were listening?" I incredulously asked.

"Yes" he nodded "I was aware she had opened a COM channel." He nonchalantly added.

"What? If you know a channel is opened, that means you can also open one yourself?" I inquired, still processing.

[Affirmative] the Spartan beamed using the comm.

[*O.O*]

[Wowâ€¦] gasped Flare-up

[Howâ€¦] I tried to reply but couldn't manage to focus.

"How is he able to use the comm like this? Only autobots are supposed to be able to use it this easilyâ€¦ Maybe it's a function he has because of the armor?"

"Why did you leave the channel open?" asked a curious Flare-up.

"I wasn't told not to." He bluntly answered shrugging his shoulders

"No, I mean why did you leave it open if you knew we were eavesdropping?" she specifically asked

"I thought you wanted to listen to what we were going to talk about. For that reason I left the channel open" Was his nonchalant response.

"So he didn't close the comm just because no one told him to?! Wait, that meansâ€¦"

"If you left the channel open, that means you were aware of the possibility of the three of us listening to the conversation, correct?" I then questioned, I knew it was an obvious answer but I wasn't processing properly.

"Yes" He confirmed

"Which means you answered all the general's questions knowing we could have heard them." I continued to voice my thoughts.

"Right" he once more confirmed.

"So when he asked your opinion about usâ€¦" Flare-up voiced, Bumblebee also looked puzzled. The three of us seemed to have thought the same thing.

The Spartan appeared to have caught what we were implying, he chuckled.

"Yes, those were my honest thoughts" He then honestly declared

"What?"

"Huh?"

"*?*"

The three of us glanced back at the Spartan, surprised.

He was probably smiling behind his Visor "Spartans never lie unless it's absolutely necessary or forced by Protocol." He revealed.

Bumblebee was the first to recover. He seemed to be happy regarding the Spartans answers, his door-wings slightly raised.

"*_Thank you_*" quoted the smiling scout.

Arthur retorted chuckling "My pleasure."

* * *

><p>- Optimus's POV-<p>

Not much time had passed after our discussion concerning Arthur occurred and the decision regarding which autobot would become his guardian made.

I was now in the autobot's quarters; I had decided to fill my companions in on what I had learned about our new ally, and our following decisions.

Most of the autobots were at the hangar at that moment. Many more had arrived to Earth after our last battle.

We fought the decepticons and their scheme of bringing Cybertron to this solar-system. Their ultimate plan was to enslave humanity and use them as a workforce to rebuild our home planet. I could not allow them to harm another sentient life-form for such reason, even if it were a good cause.

I shook those thought out of my processors as I watched how my companions reacted to the information I had shared. Most of the autobots saw reason in what we had decided and that made me thing how lucky I was to be able to have such friends. Mirage and Sideswipe seemed to be in low spirits after not being chosen to be his guardians, but I knew they would have fought every chance they got and I didn't wish to burden Arthur.

I received a message from Bumblebee, they were returning. I sent a reply to my yellow scout and told him to meet me in back at the command center, he acknowledged.

He then sent me a report on everything that had happened after they left the command center. It seems they accidentally connected to the Spartans communication systems and overheard the conversation between him, general Morshower and major Lennox. What amused me was the fact that the Spartan noticed the accident but still allowed my younger friends to listen.

"After fighting for most of his life against alien threats, I'm surprised he doesn't seem to have any problems. It looks like we've gained part of his trust." I pondered, heading back to the command center. I contacted Lennox, and after explaining the situation, he also agreed on letting the Spartan have a guardian.

- Arthur's POV-

We arrived at the command center, it seemed Bumblebee had received orders from Optimus; he wanted to talk to me about something. And it wasn't like I had other orders to follow so I went along.

Only this time there were just three bots in the room: Optimus, Jazz and Elita-one. No Prowl.

Jazz, seeing that I was looking around, started to laugh "hahaha, don't worry 'bout Prowl, he just got his hands full tossing the twins into the brig"

"Twins?" I repeated

"Yeah, you probably have seen them already, smaller bots, green and red. Always getting into trouble." He continued still laughing.

"That sounds harsh" I thought feeling sympathy for Prowl.

"But!" interrupted Elita "We wanted to talk about another matter, if you don't mind." She then followed.

"By all means ma'am" I nodded

Optimus seemed satisfied "Thank you. It concerns your current situation, after we debated on some of the information you gave us from your dimension, we wanted to help you adjust to this present state of Earth."

"Thank you" I guess" I replied puzzled

Amusement crossed the bots faces

"For this reason, we've decided to assign you an autobot guardian, I've already discussed the details with Lennox and he agreed" Optimus explained.

"Arcee, you have been designated for the task." Elita-one further added facing the other femm.

"What?" exclaimed Arcee, I didn't hear it.

"A guardian"?""

I tried to consider what they had exposed, but many memories forced their way into my mind.

/

Violence""

_ Fear"_"

Assault""

Plasma""

Death""

_ Fireâ€|_

Terrorâ€|

_ Combatâ€|_

Help!â€|

_ An orange skyâ€|_

_ Thousands of
shipsâ€|_

Monstersâ€|

Painâ€|

Voicesâ€|

_â€|Don't __**worry**__ kid; we'll get you out of
hereâ€| "_

_â€|Just hang in there __**brat**__â€| "_

_ "We'll get you to __**safety**__, I promiseâ€| "_

_ "We're going to __**leave**__ this planet, even if I have to shoot
our way throughâ€| "_

"You're our futureâ€| "

_ "Get to __**cover!**__ "_

_ "__**Stop**__ crying! "_

"â€| never dieâ€| "

"... they â€|missingâ€| "

Blameâ€|

/

_ "They diedâ€| because of what I didâ€| __**IT WAS MY
FAULT**__! "_

"NO!" I howled "I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN!" I needed to suppress
these memories.

It seems I voiced my last thoughts, because all the autobots were
taken aback. I noticed I was sweating, I tried to relax my erratic
breathing; I couldn't let them find out about what just
happened.

"I- I apologize" I managed to stutter "â€|I really appreciate the
offer but I don't need aâ€| protectorâ€| I'm sorryâ€|" That was all I
was able to express.

I needed to leave before I caused more troubleâ€| I walked away from

the autobots heading towards the exit.

* * *

><p>-Arcee's POV-<p>

It all happened in an instant.

We had just arrived to the command center from our task with the Spartan. After they talked a bit, Elita-one and Optimus suddenly revealed that they had previously decided to assign Arthur an autobot guardian.

That femm appeared to have been me.

"What?"

As my processor were about to solve the situation I was trying to comprehend, I was surprised the slag out of my spark with what happened at that moment.

The Spartan seemed to have changed for some reason as hisâ€| presenceâ€| lost the impassive mood he always gave offâ€| there was something else in its placeâ€| almost as if he was sufferingâ€|

I quickly ran a few active scans without processing anymore about it. The results were-

"NO!" he suddenly howled, almost as if he had snapped.

This caught me off guard, and when I managed to focused he seemed to have apologized about something and was now leaving.

"What the scrap is going on here?"

"What's going on?" I then turned towards my commanding officers "What is all this about?"

Optimus was the first to recover "We decided to have you become the Spartans guardian."

My processors finally made me understand what he was implying.

"Why me?" I inquired not grasping the reason

"We considered you to suited for the task" replied Elita-one who also had recovered

"What do you mean 'suited'? It's not like I can help him in combat when he's capable of killing a decepticon on his own!" I countered even more confused

She smirked "We can already imagine his combat aptitude, but it's not for that reason that we decided to help him."

"Oh?" I retorted, her smirk didn't vanish as she shook her head

"No, we've assigned you as his guardian to help him adapt to this new reality." She replied

"What? What do you mean 'to help him adapt to this reality'!? HE'S A HUMAN FOR PRIMUS'S SAKE!"

Bumblebee made gesture as if he had just realized something "*I get it*"

"What do you mean?" I quickly questioned him

"*He wouldn't be able to fit with the humans in this dimension either, they already think of him as if he is some sort of machine, well except a few of them like the major or the general.*"

It then dawned at me, he was right.

I quickly faced Elita again "But then, why me? Why not someone else with more experience among the humans?" I said pointing at Bumblebee.

Optimus shook his head "No, Bumblebee and Ironhide are both experienced, however they already have the task of guarding fellow humans."

"That doesn't answer the question about choosing me." I pointed out.

Jazz started laughing "It's 'cause you three were the bots who were the most interested in the Spartan, and Flare-up over there's still getting used to living in this muddy planet." My sister lowered her head prompting Jazz to laugh even harder.

Looks like I had no choice, I was out of options and stuck with babysitting a human size warrior of uncertain potential.

I sighed. Well it wasn't like I had anything better to do at the moment. I barely survived the battle in Egypt and couldn't help when the Decepticon invasion happened, with this guy I would probably see ton of action.

"Fine" I dejectedly replied

"Wait, what happened to the Spartan?"

"What happened to the Spartan?" I then voiced out

All of their faces got serious "We don't knowâ€|"

"Ah! I remember I scanned him when hisâ€| presence?...changedâ€|" I thought loudly. I searched my memory banks for the results. Elita was barely concealing a smirk

I found them butâ€| "Woah, this is weird" My readings must have been off

I sent the reports to Optimus and Elita, after examining them they also looked concerned

[Ratchet?] Optimus commed in a public frequency

[Anything wrong Optimus?] Immediately replied the medic

[I'm sending you some scans about the Spartan, also a recording of what happened] said Optimus

After a short wait [Arcee, are your scanners working properly?] Ratchet inquired

[Nothing appears to be wrong with them when I ran a diagnostic] I answered puzzled

His voice filled the comm [Is this a joke Prime?] he seemed annoyed

[No my friend, it isn't] was Optimus's serious reply

[Well then there must have been an error of some kind, because the scans show his vital signs were, as humans would say, 'Killed in action'. However, if he walked out of the room as you reported, that would be impossible.] Deadpanned the medic

That statement left me at a complete loss, but what I was really concerned about the fear in his presence.

"Why was he suddenly afraid? I've never seen him give such a strong emotion"

Only Optimus and Bumblebee seemed to have also sensed the Spartans fear, both had already spent a lot of time with humans.

Something was wrong with Arthur, of that there was no doubt.

I looked at Bumblebee and Flare-up "We need to find the Spartan"

Bumblebee gave a knowing nod.

Flare-up was still confused but she also knew something was wrong "Right".

Right after the three of us left the room, Jazz and Elita smiled

"Looks like we nailed it when we chose those three" commented the silver bot

"Never doubt a femm's intuition" proudly stated the femme commander.

* * *

><p>- Arthur's POV-<p>

Night had once again fallen on the pacific island.

Darkness, even if I was always in the frontlines of any operation, every Spartan knew the tactical advantage of darkness; it was a place where you could take cover or pass unnoticed.

I was standing near the deserted runway, feeling the oceans breeze, absorbed by darkness, trying to suppress the painful memories.

It had worked in some way; I managed calm myself down to a degree, and was looking towards the stars, holding my helmet under my left arm.

I could still hear the voices from the past, although not as loud as before. It was the first time it had happened since I entered the Spartan IV project. Once more I was reminded of everything I left in my dimensionâ€|

Although for any human it would have hard to see in the pitch-black darkness, I felt some figures approaching. My trained and augmented battle senses hadn't kicked in so I ignored them. I was still struggling with the past.

Soon after I felt them close behind me, I had felt their presence earlier today so I knew who they were: Bumblebee, Flare-up and Arcee.

"Are you alright?" I heard a concerned voice a few moments later.

"I apologize for what happened earlier, I won't happen again." I replied "I'mâ€| better now" Still looking at the stars.

"What happened?" another voice inquired, this time it seemed to be Flare-up.

There was no need to but I decided to be honest with them, memories were still surfacing in my mind.

"Iâ€| I rememberedâ€|" I mindlessly revealed as I pondered "A painful memory from the pastâ€|"

They fell silent.

"This is the first time I'm talking about my past to anyone who isn't a Spartanâ€|""

I also noticed the fact that I was talking about my past to non-human allies. The idea almost made me smirk.

"What did the autobots decide in the end?" I voiced after we spent a few minutes in silence, the four of us looking towards the sky. I had finally calmed down.

I heard Flare-up snigger, Arcee sighed "It seems I've been assigned to watch over you for a while. Both the major and the general thought it was a good idea."

"It's not like I'm defenseless" I amusingly retorted

"I already told them, it didn't work Arthur" she voiced slightly annoyed

She caught me by surprise; she knew my name. Normally I would have reacted, but for some reason: I wasn't bothered, probably because I felt mentally exhausted.

She seemed to have noticed her mistake as she cursed "Slag!" Bumblebee and Flare-up started sniggering.

"I'll try not to cause too much trouble then, ma'am" I then expressed grinning; maybe living in this dimension won't be that bad.

"Please stop calling me that, Arthur" retorted Arcee in a low voice; she didn't seem to like being addressed that way.

Bumblebee and Flare-up laughed

"What shall I call you then?" I voiced "You seem to already know what to call me"

"Just call us by our names as well" she said as she glared at Bumblebee and her sister.

I smiled as I looked back towards the sky

"Thank you, Arcee, Bumblebee, Flare-up" I honestly expressed

"I may end up liking this place"

The night went by as the group gazed at the stars.

* * *

><p>That's it for chap 10

Next chap may have combat involved, the Spartans getting a test run!

It'll take from 2-5 days

As usual:

Any comments, reviews, candy, time, ideas, suggestions... please review or PM me!^^

Hope you still enjoy the fic

Thanks for playing

11. Outnumbered games

Hello! *I'm back!**

Here's chapter 11 it's a combat chapter

As usual:

First

I'd like to thank everyone who reviewed or PM'd me. Yes I mean every single review. Thanks to you guys I'm able to improve my grammar as I keep on writing this story.

Thx people^^!

I also thank the people who Follow or fav the story too! I haven't forgotten about you.^^ It really motivates.

****Second:****

****I do NOT own any rights from either Halo or Transformers****

****That will be all.****

****Hope you enjoy the chapter.****

*** * ***

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

/7:00 AM/

Early morning in Diego Garcia, although I had already been awake for an hour. I was currently equipping my armor after I had spent the needed time maintaining it along with other weapons.

NEST had allowed me to stay at a small building, right behind the autobots hangar, because there wasn't any suitable space for me to keep my gear. G building had possibly been constructed to house the mechanics or soldiers assigned with anything related to the hangars, but with the autobots in there and the other facilities a bit too far for comfort, it hadn't been used for a long time. It was large enough for 10 people to live there.

Crates used up most of the space, leaving just enough room for Spartan and his routines.

"Good thing these mk XII are really easy to work on compared to the mk XI" were my thoughts while I finished adjusting my gauntlets.

Morshower had left a note alongside the intel I was supposed to read; He wanted me to take part in a combat drill at 7:30. Both transformers and humans were taking part in it.

"Finally, it's been ages since I fought my last war-game in the Infinity" I happily thought choosing my gear. I didn't know what they allowed soldiers to use in the drills, so I picked up an Assault rifle, a SMG, one M6K handgun and for my secondary heavy weapon I chose the new sniper rifle. I also chose my armor mods, thanks to the new upgrades in the armor's power reactor, the mk XII could hold up to three mods at the same time. When I was contented with my choices, I headed towards the drill scenario.

Right after I exited the building I noticed three familiar autobots: Arcee, Flare-up and Bumblebee.

"*_Good morning!_" quoted the scout using a cheery voice.

That made me chuckle "Good morning Bumblebee"

Flare-up stared curiously at the weapons I carried.

"Got everything you need Spartan?" was Arcee's amused comment.

"Yes ma-â€¦| Arcee" I stopped myself, I knew she didn't like being called 'ma'am'.

A smirk appeared on her face after my near-mishap.

Ignoring it, we headed out to the firing range

When we arrived, there was a huge crowd of both bots and people near the urban like scenario of the training facility. I brought up the clock /7:30/ on the dot weird.

As I got close, I saw Major Lennox and Sergeant Epps approach.

"Hey 'bot-killer'!" waved Epps

"'Bot-killer'?" I repeated, not understanding.

"Sorry about that, it's just what the guys started calling you" apologized a not so pleased major.

"Hey don't be like that." said the enthusiastic sergeant patting his friend's shoulder "But anyway, tell me about the guns you're carrying" he then said smiling as he pointed to the MA5E

"You can talk all you want later" interrupted the major "but now we've better get on with the training exercises before Ironhide decides to kick our afts."

"What? But its weapons we're talking about!" replied Epps

"Yeah well, if you're able to say that to his face I won't complain." Answered Lennox, grinning.

"Ugh fine" he dejectedly acknowledged heading back to the crowd "Ok ladies, shows over! Get back to your positions!" he started barking to the rest of the soldiers.

Lennox smiled at the scene just before he turned around to face me. "Right, Spartan you're going up against four squads on urban terrain, you'll need to change the ammo in your weapons with training ammo made by Wheeljack, it'll hurt like hell but it won't kill you. It also temporarily disables autobot systems on impact. One more thing: try NOT to wound them too much; it's already hard enough to recruit." He relayed "Any questions?"

"How long do I have?" I inquired

"60 minutes, after that we move on to another drill" was his answer.

"I can finish this in 5" I thought, grinning behind my visor.

"Where can I switch ammo?" I then asked, still grinning.

Time to show them how Spartans spent time in the Infinity.

* * *

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

It was one thing to see the Spartan video logs.

It was another to see him in real action, completely different.

It had only been five minutes since the live-fire drill had started and he had already taken out all four squads.

Everyone was completely awed at the Spartans skills.

"What is he? I've never seen a human move that fast!" voiced a shocked Epps.

"You're forgetting the fact he managed to surprise all four squads. He knows his way around the battlefield." Lennox added, drawing a huge smile on his face.

"Didn't even need to switch weapons." Ironhide pointed out, I knew he was impressed with Arthur.

"Best part is I was right." Then stated the grinning sergeant facing the giant black bot, "I told you he would mop the floor, tin-can"

Ironhide sighed while Lennox did everything he could to stop himself from laughing.

I barely managed to not giggle at the scene.

"Hope I didn't cause trouble" voiced the Spartan as he entered the observation post. I knew he was grinning under his helmet.

"Just for Ironhide." Chuckled the major

"I'm truly impressed" added Ratchet "Not only were you capable of defeating four of the humans' elite squads effortlessly, but you also succeeded in doing so without causing any serious injury." relayed the medic "You seem experienced with these types of situations".

"Back on the Infinity, for training purposes; Spartans were allowed to use some of the facilities for war-games between us. We weren't allowed to kill and had to be wary not to injure ourselves in case there was an emergency." The Spartan explained.

"In other words: You fought each other when you got bored." Ironhide summarized.

"Pretty much" instantly retorted the warrior, chuckling. "What now?"

"Still have 50 minutes" The major contemplated.

"I'm game." My sister Chromia butted in.

"I knew it" I voiced my thoughts as I sighed.

Everyone stared at Chromia. "What? We know what he can do on his own against humans. Why not find out how he handles himself against cybertronians?"

"Hmm" the femme does have a point." Ratched objectively commented.

"I'm in!" Flare-up revealed.

"Looks like I got no choice, but I'm also curious about how he would fight usâ€|" I thought "Fine, I'm in too"

Lennox faced the Spartan "Is it ok with you?"

Arthur shrugged "Yeah, I'm up for it." he then turned toward Ironhide "Anything special I need to know?"

The weapons-specialist chuckled "No, just stay alive for the next 40 minutes."

"Alright, you three should get going to the other side of the scenario. I'll comm when we're ready to start." Lennox ordered. The three of us left the observation post.

Using our alt-forms, we quickly arrived at the designated entry point.

"Alright sisters, we're using the same plan as usual." Stated my sister, the usual plan meaning how we would act in the field: Chromia would go in heavy armed, Flare-up would take the sniping position to cover us and I would harass the suppressed target from other sides using my speed.

"Don't forget, if you get hit with the training bullets in exposed components they will be disabled for a few minutes." I cautiously advised my two siblings. "Also remember, he has a shield of some sort."

"This is going to be fun" giggled Flare-up.

"Don't underestimate him Flare; you've heard the rumors about what he's done." Chromia advised, grinning.

"Those aren't just rumorsâ€|"_ I corrected

[Whenever you're...] Lennox said via comm before being interrupted.

[Ready or not, here we come!] My sister enthusiastically replied, as she transformed. We then sped into the combat area.

I spent the first ten minutes going around the battlefield, no sign of the Spartan.

[Flare-up, see anything?] Chromia asked through the com.

[Not really, and I can practically scope the scene from the top of this buildingâ€|] Flare replied.

[Slag! Me neither, what is he up to?] Chromia growled.

I drove through the urban like training ground, my processors focused on running scans of everything around me. It felt as if we were being watched.

"It's almost like he's studying usâ€| watching our movements

planning an ambushâ€|wait"__

[Be advised: he's probably been studying our movements, and will strike when ready.] I cautioned

[I was thinking the same thingâ€| Flare, watch for anything suspicious.] Our older sister replied.

[Roger] she acknowledged.

I kept driving in my alt-form around; we were supposed to maintain our alt-forms for the most time possible during any mission, although I didn't activate my holo-form this time.

Time flew by until Flare-up's voice came through the com.

[Wait! I just saw movementâ€| It's the Sp-]

At that moment, two high-caliber shots rang out with an unfamiliar sound.

[It's not wise for a sniper to stay put for that long.]I heard the Spartans emotionless voice transmit through the com.

_"Scrap! He knows where Flare is and for how long she's been there!"__

[That fragger! He hit my rifle and one of my optics!] Flare growled.

[Where was he?] Chromia inquired.

[2nd floor, inside the three-floored structure. North-west from where I am!]

[I'm also on my way.] I stated, speeding to where she pointed.

We arrived almost at the same time.

Chromia transformed, unleashing a salvo with every weapon she had at the 2nd floor of the structure Flare-up mentioned. "That should flush the fragger out."

"I don't think he stayed there after he shot Flare." I pointed out.

"He still couldn't have gone too far, lets search the areaâ€|" She said brandishing her weapons. I saw the grin on her face. _"She's really enjoying thisâ€|"__

I ran a few scans around us, just in case.

_"Nothingâ€| wait, those readingsâ€|Behind us?"__

I quickly turned around; I barely managed to see the Spartan de-cloaking, aiming at us with what I now assumed was a sniper rifle.

"Chromia!" I screamed leaping out of the way.

She noticed what was wrong when she turned around. "Eat this you fragger!" she yelled unleashing all of her weapons at his position.

The Spartan ran with his incredible speed to take cover, returning fire as he went.

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

I've spent a lot of time since the drill started, observing. I ran across the battlefield watching how Arcee and her sisters moved, A new enemy always meant a new strategy. Well at least that's what I had thought. They had spent most of the time just cruising around the battlefieldâ€|

Flare-up on the other hand seemed to just stay on top of one of the buildings. From the shape of her weapon I presumed it was a sniper. The good part was: she didn't seem to have any intention to move from her spot.

_"Time to ambush her" _I thought grinning.

I found a perfect spot: a three floored building. I activated my hologram decoy at the second floor and aimed my sniper rifle at Flare-up.

She fell for it, aiming her weapon at my holo-me.

I chuckled at the results of my trap. Then fired two shots: one at her weapons, the other at one of her optics.

[It's not wise for a sniper to stay put for that long.] I broadcasted; maybe she would learn something in this exercise.

_"Arcee and Chromia should arrive here soon." _I thought as I activated my camouflage mod.

Sure enough, both of them arrived shortly after and began searching.

I came out from behind them disabling my camouflage by instinct, back on the Infinity we had to reveal ourselves before taking a shot.

But Arcee seemed to notice, she turned around.

"Chromia!" she screamed as she leaped out of the way.

Her sister turned around brandishing her wide assortment of weapons. "Eat this you fragger!"

"Shit!" I cursed and ran for cover right as she started unleashing her attack, I returned fire as I moved.

â€|

Time flew by and the fire-fight still went on.

It was sort of a cat and mouse game between me and the autobots. The thing was: I played the mouse and fought against three catsâ€¦

Why the mouse?

I've been running across the battlefield, from cover to cover, returning fire using controlled bursts from my MA5E assault rifle.

Chromia sprayed bullets EVERYWHERE around me with each barrage and Arcee made it really hard to counter attack when she tried to flank me every single time. I've taken the precaution of not moving in areas where Flare-up could snipe me from her earlier position. But no matter what, I was forced to stay on the defensive.

I took cover behind a wall for a few seconds, reloading my MA5E and letting my shields recharge.

"It's like having two Spartan teams constantly suppress me at the same time! Still, can't say I'm not having fun." I thought smirking

[Ma'am, are you ever going to run out of bullets?] I broadcasted in a public channel.

[It's Chromia. And you don't have to worry Spartan; I can keep this up for months.] She replied her voice seemed as if she was enjoying this. Right after she finished, bullets started flying near my position.

I moved away from the trigger happy bot, firing a few bursts at Arcee as she swiftly tried to surround me.

"Not going to work!" I yelled chuckling at the blue femme; I continued to run towards cover.

"Sooner or later it will!" was her amused reply.

I looked forward.

"Shit! It's the street! And Flare-up has a clear sight of this oneâ€¦"

That had been their plan, make me come out in the open, then the three could attack at the same time.

I smiled _"Not going to work!"_ I activated a holo-decoy and my camouflage mod, switching my MA5E with the Sniper, not stopping.

The distance between the buildings wasn't that big, I could sprint it in 3 seconds. But 3 seconds were enough to get shot at.

I ran behind my holo-decoy and sure enough, it was stuck with a huge beam.

I smiled "_she still hasn't moved from that position_" aiming my sniper and emptied half of the magazine on the young bot as I sprinted across the street. I only could make sure to hit the mark; I wasn't that good with the sniper to accurately hit the small components while I ran.

[Scrap! How did youâ€¦?!] She beamed, annoyed.

[I used a decoy. I already told you; don't stay at the same site too long.] I retorted just as I made it into the next building.

"Okay, time to fight back" I thought as I examined where I was.

"Arcee will probably enter to flush me out of the building, in here; I'll probably have the advantage if we fight." I thought. The bots would probably be here in a few seconds.

"Her movements are faster, but with the Booster frame mod I'll probably be able to copeâ€¦" I already could hear the sound of the femme's vehicle modes approaching.

"I can't use the assault rifle for CQCâ€¦" I thought as my hands hovered over the SMG and the M6K. I smiled as I remembered something.

/

"Spartan A-2357, how many fucking times have I told you: YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO DUAL-WIELD IN THE WARGAMES!" the Spartan IV commander Palmer, had endlessly told him.

/

"Sorry Commander, I'm going to break the rules again." I thought as I grabbed both the SMG and the M6K.

Two seconds later, Arcee raced into the building, transforming and firing with her blaster. I sidestepped and used the booster to get close to her, spraying bullets with the SMG and using the M6K to hit the unarmored components.

Even if she was hindered by fighting indoors, her movements were still faster than mine. I had to use the booster frame several times to get close to her before Chromia unleashed hell.

The battle continued for a few minutes untilâ€¦|

"Dead!"

"Dead!"

We both yelled at the same time, aiming at each other's head.

[Alright bots and people, time's up!] We heard the major's voice through the COM.

* * *

><p>That's it! I'll probably make another combat scene soon.

Next chapter should be in 2-5 days.

****If you have any comment or suggestion to help me improve.****

****For anything else related to the story: I'm also open to any PM's or reviews****

****Hope you still enjoy the fic.****

****Thanks for playing****

12. New toys

****Back again!****

****But you knew this so I'll just get down to business:****

****First:****

****As always, I'd like to thank everyone who commented or reviewed.****

****Thx people^^****

****Second:****

****I do NOT own any rights from either Halo or Transformers****

****That is all.****

****Hope you enjoy:****

*** * ***

><p>-Lennox's POV-<p>

At the observation post, everyone had their eyes glued to the monitors, showing the numerous camera feeds around the urban combat scenario.

For the first 15 minutes, we didn't even catch a glimpse of the Spartan. Even with all the cameras that filled the combat zone.

"That guy's gotta be a ninja!" Epps had expressed, and for once I thought he was right.

"Hey Mirage! Check it out, the human hides better than you do!" Sideswipe commented taunting the bot.

"You know that's not true, but stillâ€¦ For a fleshie his size, he hides pretty well." Replied the other bot, absorbed with the images on the screens.

"Flare-up's gonna get shot if she doesn't moveâ€¦" Ironhide pointed out.

He was right, soon after, the Spartan made his move against the femmes.

They also heard their conversations through the com.

[It's not wise for a sniper to stay put for that long.] The Spartan broadcasted.

"Shitâ€¦ that guy even taunts?" said a bewildered sergeant.

"No, he's just giving advice to Flare-up." Retorted Ironhide, smiling.

30 minutes had passed after he gave the go signal. The Spartan and the bots were still immersed in a fire-fight between them; no one could tell who had the upper hand.

"3 vs 1 and still able to keep fightingâ€¦ Imagine what a squad of them could doâ€¦" I thought as a chill ran down my spine.

[Ma'am, are you ever going to run out of bullets?] The Spartan broadcasted after he took cover behind a wall.

[It's Chromia. And you don't have to worry Spartan; I can keep this up for months.] Answered the heavily armed femme.

"The Spartan's having fun?" I voiced shocked.

A femme's voice answered me "He's not the only one." It was Elita-one.

I quickly turned around, shocked by the fact that Jazz and Elita had entered the observation post without anyone noticing.

Jazz chuckled "You guys were so entranced with the fight that a whole Decepticon army could have sneaked up on you."

Elita smiled "Anyway, I've only seen Chromia have this much fun when she's sparing against Ironhide." She said gazing at the warrior.

Epps turned to look at the black autobot. "Looks like the tin-can's got to kick up the game a little." He said winking.

"Yeah, the kicking part sounds perfect." Ironhide retorted, grinning as he faced the sergeant.

"Stillâ€¦ That guys fighting alone against three autobots. He's a complete badass on my book." Jazz commented.

"Anyway, who wants to make a bet on the match?" proposed Epps as he walked away from the weapons specialist. "However wins gets to go in the next drill the Spartan's in! I'll side with the Spartan on this one."

"Deal!" voiced Mirage and Sideswipe. They bet on the autobots victory.

"I'm in. I'll also bet on Chromia and her sisters." Ironhide voiced.

"I'll go for a draw." I voiced.

"I'm with Lennox there." Agreed Jazz, laughing.

"*_draw!*_ " Bumblebee quoted.

No one else seemed interested in taking part. Elita couldn't participate because she was the commanding officer of the femmes.

"Interesting abilitiesâ€¦ Invisibility, a holographic decoy not to mention his shieldâ€¦" Pondered Ratched.

"Oh scrap, he's going CQC at Arcee!" yelled Epps.

I focused back on the screens. He was right; the Spartan was dual-wielding andâ€¦

"What the hell is with his reaction timeâ€¦" I voiced out loud. He was fighting Arcee, one of the quickest autobots I have ever seen, without being pushed back.

"This guy just topped my list of badass fleshies." Jazz commented.

"Amen to that." Epps remarked.

"Optimus was rightâ€¦ He will be an amazing ally for NEST." Elita added.

"Are those thrusters he's using? What a remarkable armor." Ratched observed.

It looked like they reached a stalemate, both pointing each other with their weapons. Just in time.

[Alright bots and people, time's up!] I broadcasted, 40 minutes had passed.

"And it's a draw!" voiced a pleased Jazz. Elita was also smiling at the results of the battle.

"Oh hell noâ€¦" Epps dejectedly dropped his head.

* * *

><p>- Arthur's POV-<p>

We were walking back to the Observation post.

"That's the most fun I'd had since coming to Earth." A happy Chormia voiced.

"Yeah, reminds me of when we went hunting back on Cybertron." Arcee replied.

I was walking behind the two talkative sisters. Flare-up was next to me, her head lowered. She was possibly thinking about the drill.

"Hey, what's the matter?" I asked.

"Hmm? Oh nothingâ€¦ just thinkingâ€¦" she slowly answered.

"The only thing you did wrong was staying at the same spot for too long, and if I didn't have my training, I probably wouldn't have noticed you." I added. She really reminded me of some of the Spartan IV rookies back on the Infinity.

"But stillâ€¦" she tried to complain.

"Let me put it this way. Why did you stay after I shot you?" I interrupted.

"Umâ€¦ I could scope most of the combat zone?" She answered puzzled.

"Which also means others could observe that spot from most of the field, correct?" I retorted

Her optics changed, it looked like she understood.

"In such a small area, it's not smart to just stay in the same spot, especially in such an obvious place." I continued "Remember this: Snipers are deadly, but also vulnerable when fighting surrounded by urban scenery."

That seemed to have cheered her up.

Chromia chuckled as she slowed down getting close to us "Next time it'll be our win."

I shrugged "Probably, I can't use the Spartan laser or the rail-gun in training drills, and those are the strongest weapons I haveâ€¦"

"You're talking about the beam weapon you used against the decepticon?" Arcee asked.

"Yes, that was the M6 Grindell, but everyone just calls it the Spartan Laser." I pointed out "The rail-gun is the other heavy weapon I found in the crates."

"Heavy weapons, Ironhide's going to love this." Chromia voiced, sniggering.

Minutes later, we entered the observation post.

Most of the previous people and bots were now gone. Major Lennox was the only human in the room and both Jazz and Elita-one were present.

"Welcome Spartan, that was an astounding performance." Elita greeted.

"Yes well done indeed, it's the first time I've ever seen a human singlehandedly battle against more than one Cybertronian and give a hell of a fight." remarked the second in command.

"Words can't describe the faces of everyone who watched the battle." commented the major, with a huge smile on his face.

I smirked, remembering the faces most of the marines made after seeing a Spartan in action. "I aim to please. Where's did the rest go?"

"Training, we're simulating a Decepticon attack on one of the combat scenarios. Epps has control of the operation along with Ironhide. Mirage and Sideswipe are playing the role of the attackers." Lennox pointed out.

I looked at Jazz "Aren't you second in command?"

He laughed as he answered "Yep, but it doesn't mean I am that good at leading in actual combat, Ironhide is the expert on the field."

"Combat makes that bot feel at home." Added a smirking Chromia.

I watched the monitors in silence for a few minutes.

Lennox then interrupted "Speaking of combat, you never did tell us anything about your weapons Spartan."

"I'll show you whenever you want, sir" I reflexively replied, that made him laugh.

"Great, it's still going to take a while for them to finish but I'll get some of the guys to prepare the firing range for the demonstration." He voiced, smirking.

"Roger, better go grab them." I retorted chuckling.

"I'm coming with you" stated the silver bot as he transformed into his alt-form and opened the driver's door as if inviting me in.

"Come on! I don't bite." He said as I struggled on what to do.

"Wait!" I heard Arcee yell, but it was too late.

As soon as I got in the vehicle, he closed the door and sped out of the room with his engine roaring to life.

"I'll never get used to this" I thought after a while. I was sitting in the driver seat, the steering wheel moving on its own

"Well now that I've gotten away from Elita I'll tell you this: That was a really awesome battle you pulled out back there. Completely badass." Voiced the bot

"Thank you, um Jazz?" I attempted

"Correct!" he retorted laughing "Just kidding. Yes, call me Jazz and you should know you're allowed to call any autobot by their name, no need for the sir/ma'am business. Even Optimus prefers to be called Prime instead of 'sir'."

"I got it." I acknowledged, but I still found it strange.

"You know, the outcome ended being a draw. What do you think about that?" inquired the bot, I was positive he wanted to study me.

"I think it's the fairest decision." I stated.

"You sure? You know it was 3 vs 1 and you were capable of not only fight back, but to even battle Arcee in CQC." Added the bot.

"True, but they were holding back. Chromia never aimed at me directly with most of her weapons and Arcee looked like she was being careful not to hit me with any melee weapon directlyâ€|"

The bot roared with laughter "Man, you're something else."

I grinned "Of course: I'm a Spartan"

Jazz laughed even louder.

When Jazz managed to calm down I decided to ask something I'd wanted to know for some time.

"Why do I need a guardian?" I voiced.

The bot processed the question for a few seconds "Just think of it as our way to help you settle in your new home." He said as he started to slow down.

We stopped right in front the building where my quarters and all of my equipment were.

"Grab some toys for the kids." chuckled Jazz.

I went in and brought out one of the smaller weapon containers and held the Spartan laser with the other hand. "This should do."

While I placed the cargo inside the bot I voiced "Why choose Arcee?"

"Not my decision Spartan, you'd have to ask Prime or Elita for that one." The bot stated "But I did offer to be your guardian."

We then headed back to the observation post.

When we arrived, Lennox guided us towards one of the training grounds, many different targets were placed around the field.

"Presents!" voiced a happy sergeant as I unloaded Jazz.

I smiled and opened the case. "I brought one of each."

We proceeded with the demonstration as I explained and showed each of the weapons, their characteristics and other details. Lennox seemed particularly interested in the battle rifle and had asked to try it.

"Nice!" he voiced as he shot a few bursts.

"The scope automatically adjusts depending on the surroundings; it has night vision, infrared and zooms in or out depending on how far

the target is." I added watching the Major smile as he kept on shooting.

"I've got to get my hands on one of these." He expressed after he emptied the magazine.

"I'm sure Wheeljack could replicate them if you let him run a few scans." Commented Ironhide also interested on the weapons.

"I don't have anything against it; I still have more of them so you can keep these. The only ones that could become a problem are the Rail-gun and the Spartan laser..." I retorted

"Did you just say rail-gun?" inquired a dumbfounded Epps "like the experimental we have on that destroyer?"

I nodded to the first question, and brought out weapon in question.

"It's officially designated: Asymmetric Recoilless Carbine-960. But we just call it the rail-gun." I pointed out. "It releases an explosive shell with enough speed to penetrate most of the shields and armor the UNSC has encountered up until now. This model can fire up to three rounds before needing to vent the excess heat."

"I'll test it! Explosives are my favorite!" eagerly pleaded Epps.

I grinned and offered the weapon to the sergeant. "Here, just aim at one of the big targets and hold the trigger for a second when ready."

A broad smile filled his face as he grabbed the rail-gun and aimed towards the biggest target on the field.

"Firing!" he said as he pulled the trigger, the gun came to life and started charging.

Half a second later the shell was released, and almost instantly stuck the robot sized practice dummy. At that moment a huge explosion took place.

When it cleared, there wasn't anything left, just a black crater. Leaving everyone awed

"Damm! That is the craziest thing I've ever used!" Screamed the overjoyed sergeant.

"Fuck, there's nothing leftâ€¦| It's almost like an air strikeâ€¦|" stammered the Major

"An amazing effect for something that small." approved the weapons specialist, grinning.

I smiled under my helmet at their reactions.

"Major, is there any armored targets in the field, and preferably without anything behind it?" I asked holding the Spartan laser.

"Yes, see that one on top of that hill?" he answered.

He pointed at one of the robot sized targets; it had a lot more armor compared to the other ones.

"From here I probably won't hit anything behind it" I pondered as I shouldered the weapon.

I grinned "What I'm holding now is known as the Spartan Laser." I activated the weapon; the front opened revealing the huge cannon.

Energy started gathering at the weapon as I aimed at the victim. I grinned "I'll show you why"

A second later I fired.

The red beam effortlessly tore through the target and disappeared from our sight. It left a huge hole on the victim's chest.

I chuckled at their expression, no one made a sound as they were still trying to comprehend what had happened.

The autobots were the first to snap out of their trance.

"Scrap! That's some really crazy firepower you've got there." Voiced Jazz

"Now I see why you couldn't use them in fire drills" Chromia concluded.

Epps and Lennox started to return to reality.

"What the fuck" expressed an almost speechless Major.

"That was a laser beam Lennox. A FUCKING LASER BEAM!" added the incredulous Epps. "Shit man, I take back what I said before. THIS is the craziest thing I've ever seen a human use"

I couldn't hold it anymore so I started laughing.

* * *

<p>That's it for chapter 12

****Chapter 13 will be up in 2-5 days****

****Any comment, suggestion, idea, candy... please review me or PM me.****

****Hope you still like the fic.****

****Thanks for playing.****

13. Stories

****Hello again!****

****I bring you chapter 13****

****First:****

****Thx to everyone who reviewed followed or fav.^^****

****To guest 1/30/13: You're right, but I thought the Spartan wouldn't keep any logs about planets being glassed or any classified mission. And remember that Spartan IV didn't go against the Flood (At least I don't know about it.) But I really appreciate your 2 cents^^!****

****Second:****

****I do NOT own any rights related to halo or transformers****

****That is all****

****Hope you enjoy:****

*** * ***

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

After the weapons demonstration I've spent the rest of the day reading the intel I was tasked to. It included everything I needed to know about the protocols, previous battles, active decepticonsâ€|

Night had once again fallen on the island. Luckily it was a clear night as well.

For the second time, I was helmetless in the dark, gazing up at the stars.

It was a strangely pleasant sensation; which also helped me calm down if I needed to.

I thought about the daily events, the drills and the weapons demonstration. Lennox took the all the weapons, except the Spartan laser, to Wheeljack's laboratory. After he spent a few minutes scanning, he stated he would be able to replicate the weapons given some time. This really pleased Lennox.

"At least I don't have to worry of ever running out of weapons although I still have a lot back at my quartersâ€|huh?"

I felt movement behind me. Quickly grabbing my MK6, a Spartan always carried a weapon if they could, I turned around. Thanks to my augmentation, I had no problem with seeing in the dark.

It was Bumblebee, along with Arcee and Flare-up.

_"*Surprise*" he quoted turning his headlights on.

"Hello" I smiled lowering my weapon "Sorry for that, training kicked in."

"Quite amazing instincts you have, Bumblebee is really good at sneaking up on people." Flare-up sniggered.

"We've been looking for you." Arcee said, with a hint of concern in

her voice.

"Something wrong?" I inquired.

"Just curious about what you were doing." Flare-up replied with a smile. Bumblebee nodded.

"I'm only gazing at the star, nothing else." I retorted grinning.

I turned back and looked back up.

After a few minutes of silence Arcee spoke "Do you watch the stars often?"

"Sometimes" I answered shrugging my shoulders "Back on the Infinity I would just turn off the lights and gaze through the windows"

The bots had sat down, so I decided to do the same.

"How are you adapting to this new reality?" asked the femme who had been assigned as my guardian.

"I don't think there will be any problems; Spartans are used to living in many different situations." I honestly replied.

"Um" Flare-up seemed to be struggling with something.

"Yes?" I spoke, prompting her to continue.

"Do you still think about what you've left behind?" she managed to ask.

"Do I feel homesick?"

"Yes" I decided to honestly voice. Something started to make sense.

"She must be thinking about their home planet, Cybertron" Optimus briefly told me about their home and the war that destroyed it

"Honestly speaking, I've also lost my planet a long time ago" I voiced, their past resembled my own.

That caught the bots by surprise. "Sorry" the femme started to apologize.

"Don't" I interrupted. "I'm not the only one here who's lost his home."

"How much do you know about Cybertron?" Arcee asked.

"Not much. Just that it's your home planet which got destroyed in a war." I replied "But I'd like to learn more about it."

I sighed, remembering the past.

Arcee chuckled for some reason. "Alright, we'll tell you what you want to know" she said "But in exchange: we get to use your name." A grin appeared on her face.

"What?" I growled, not happy at all.

"I'm getting tired of calling you 'Spartan' all the time." She retorted, still grinning.

"Why? It's not like she doesn't know my name alreadyâ€|""

I gave up after struggling for a few seconds "Fine, but you three can only use it when we are aloneâ€|" I sighed; I still couldn't understand the sudden fascination with my name. Can't a Spartan keep his name secret?

"Hopefully this won't causeâ€|""

Her optics lit up as if she had succeeded in something. She happily replied "Thank you, _Arthur._"

_"Dammitâ€|" _ I thought as I sighed once more.

The bots started sniggering.

"*What do you want to know?*" voiced the scout.

"Everything you can tell me" I instantly replied.

For a Spartan: Intel's serious business. But that isn't enough for me, I never agreed with the need-to-know basis most of the Spartans respected.

ONI found out about my dependence for information, so they sometimes gave me tasks related to retrieving or protecting classified data directly. These undertakings made my team come up with a nickname they used to call meâ€|

As I pondered, the bots seemed to finally agree on how to recount their tale.

They took turns while they described how their planet had looked like, their culture and parts of their history. When the war started, how it went and what price they had paid for itâ€|

I remained politely silent as they spoke; only making a few questions here and there to confirm some of the details. Of course their tale made me inquire about some of the facts I've read in the report such as the Allspark or what really happened in the battles of Egypt and Chicago.

_"I can honestly relate to what they've been through." _ I sadly thought as they continued.

Silence fell for a couple of minutes after they had finished.

"Thank you." I openly expressed, I really appreciated their willingness to voice their past.

"You're welcome." The three bots replied.

We spent a few minutes talking about different things concerning today's battle.

"It's late." I said while I stood up and stretched. "Better get some shuteye; never know what might happen tomorrow."

"*_Need a ride?*_ " offered Bumblebee

"No thanks, I'll just walk" I answered smiling "I'll see you guys tomorrow."

On my way back I contemplated on everything they had said, grateful for the oceans breeze.

"Home, huhâ€|"" I unconsciously clenched my fist.

-Arcee's POV-

Thirty minutes had passed since Arthur had left; we were walking back to the bot quarters.

Flare-up had decided she needed to recharge so she left after transforming into her alt-form.

Bumblebee and I were both processing the memories that surfaced when we talked about the past.

"*Those were good timesâ€|"*" expressed the scout "*Talking to the Spartan made me remember when we were sparklings. The older bots used to tell us about cybertrons legends.*" a hint of sadness in his words.

He then chuckled "*We probably showed the same expression the Spartan had.*"

I smiled, remembering Arthur's captivated face as he listened to our tale. "Possibly" I agreed.

Soon after, Bumblebee interrupted my processing. "*What's on your mind C?*"

"Slagâ€|"" I thought. There were few things I could hide from Bumblebee; he always acted like a big brother. I sighed.

"I was just thinking about my taskâ€|" You're the one who's spent more time with the humans." I silently voiced.

I knew he found that funny, but he did his best to conceal it. "*What up?*"

"Well, how am I supposed to help an armored bot-killing super human?" I replied, annoyed. "It's not like he needs help when he's able to fight me and my sisters by himself."

He struggled to hold his laughter. "*I don't think that's what Optimus wants you to do.*"

"Oh?" I retorted, scowling. "Then what are my 'duties' as his guardian?" I inquired almost growling.

He really fought the urges of laughing. I could feel it.

When he had calmed down a bit, he smiled "*Why don't you just be his partner? Or even become his friend?*"

I glared at him "What are you talking about?"

He couldn't hold it any longer, the scout started roaring with laughter.

That ticked me off. "I'm serious! What did you mean by that?" I voiced angrily.

But I didn't get anything else from the cheerful bot that night

An internal alarm woke me from my recharge.

6:30 in the morning.

Most fleshies would still be sleeping in normal circumstances. But I knew the Spartan was awake already, he always seemed to get up really early.

I headed for the energon dispenser, as my processors struggled to exit their resting cycles.

Chromia was unsurprisingly already awake and near the dispenser. She normally sparred with Ironhide early in the mornings.

"Morning" she cheerfully called waving her hand.

"Hi" I answered smiling as I approached.

"It's a bit early to be up and about, just finished with 'hide." she smirked

"Tell that to the Spartan" I'm pretty sure he's already awake." I replied, ingesting some energon.

She chuckled, but decided to keep quiet about what she thought.

"Well, good luck with your assignment." She expressed when I was about to leave, a wide smile on her face.

"Good morning Arcee" I heard Ironhide voice as I exited the hangar, he seemed to be sparring with the twins. As usual; he was beating the scrap out of them

"Good morning, Ironhide" I echoed back with a small smile. I walked towards the Spartans assigned quarters that were behind the hangar. Hearing the twins yelp things like "Muthafu-" before being crushed by the big mech.

Just as I arrived, the Spartan was exiting his building, his helmet on one hand and documents on the other.

"Good morning Arthur" I greeted, sniggering inward as he unconsciously tensed from hearing his name.

"Morning" he replied, Putting on his helmet.

"Do Spartans live inside their armors?" I inquired; I've never seen him without it.

He paused for a few seconds. "Most of the time." He replied shrugging his shoulders. "I'm on my way to return these documents to the general."

"Great" I transformed into my motorcycle alt-form "Come on, I'll give you a ride."

"Umâ€¦ I don't think that would be wise." He voiced with doubt. "I weight around half a ton with my armor onâ€¦"

_"That explains it." _I thought understanding.

"Don't underestimate me; I can handle a lot more than that." I replied confidently.

Even though he probably still wasn't appeased, the Spartan got on and we speeded towards the main building.

* * *

><p>- Arthur's POV-<p>

I exited the main building after I returned the intel. Arcee was waiting outside.

"Done" I reported. "Don't have anything planned to do today."

"Already did my work out in the morning, along with the weapons maintenanceâ€¦"

"Want to check out what they're doing in the firing range?" she offered

"Yeah, why n-" I was about to answer but I felt something and reacted by instinct turning around.

There was nothing._ "What the...? Strangeâ€¦" _

"Something wrong?" voiced a confused femme.

"No, it's nothingâ€¦" I retorted as I approached her.

Few minutes later, we we're speeding towards the firing range.

But something still bothered me; my senses were still activeâ€¦

"There! Something appeared in the motion sensor for just a secondâ€¦"

Training kicked in. "Arcee, I need to assume control for a moment."

"Wait what?" she managed to voice but I already hit the throttle speeding us away from the base.

"What are you doing?" a distressed femme expressed.

"Something is following us." I briefly explained "Probably has a camouflage device." My motion sensor flared again. "We need to get somewhere and flush the thing out without causing damage."

"I understand, but I'll do the driving." As she finished the handle bar jerked towards another direction as the femme accelerated.

"What's the plan?" she asked as we passed the entrance.

I took out my MK6 "The usual: smoke them out."

"Come on!" I thought focused on the motion sensor.

It appeared "Arcee! Hard right!" I yelled, she acknowledged by braking with her rear and drifting while I shot my weapon towards where this unknown was.

As we stopped, I quickly reloaded my weapon as I came off Arcee, she transformed.

"Show yourself!" I howled still holding my weapon.

I heard a chuckle, and then a red bot appeared in front of us. "I'm astonished Spartan, most of the bots can't even suspect I'm there, but you found me out in less than an hour."

"Mirage!" voiced the extremely annoyed femme. "What the slag is wrong with you? We thought you were an enemy!"

"Sorry 'bout that" the bot honestly apologized bowing his head. "But I wanted to assess the Spartans abilities myself. I'm really sorry for the trouble."

"No problem." I voiced "Just, don't try that again. Please."

He smiled "On my autobot honor" he transformed and left.

I sighed holstering my handgun

"*sigh* sorry for that. Mirage tends to do stuff like this once in a while!" my guardian explained.

"I almost didn't notice him!" I thought out loud.

She chuckled "I'm surprised you even managed to. He's the best infiltrator the autobots have."

"No wonder." I shrugged.

"Anyway, let's get goi-" she paused "Wait a sec, just got a com"

I cocked an eyebrow but remained silent.

"It's Optimus, he wants us back at the command center." She said after a while.

"Anything wrong?" I inquired, puzzled.

She shrugged her shoulders "I don't know, but he ordered me back and he also wants you to come with me." She finished as she transformed back into her bike form. "Let's go."

"Affirmative" I voiced as I got on her. She then speeded back towards the hangar.

C27's were landing at the base at that instant.

* * *

><p>We stopped just outside the command center.<p>

I got off Arcee and entered the room.

"Hey bot-killer" greeted sergeant Epps right after.

"Good morning, what's going on?" I inquired

"The folks at the Pentagon are going nuts about something. Optimus, the General and Lennox are talking to them right now."

"Deciding the fate of the world?" I replied remembering Jazz's words.

Epps laughed "Exactly!"

"Glad you're taking the job lightly." Lennox interrupted as he approached. "Spartan, glad you joined us today."

"It's what I do." I nonchalantly replied. "Is something wrong?"

His face got serious "The Pentagon has lost contact with one of our military bases, their filling Optimus and Morshower in on the details as we speak."

"Decepticon?" Arcee asked

"We don't know for certainâ€¦" the major said as he shook his head.

"Lennox" I interrupted

"What is it?" he retorted.

"I want to be part of the operation." I stated.

He smiled "I've got no problem with that."

"Lennox! Get in here!" we heard Morshower voice from on top of the platform

We all headed towards the platform.

"So where are we going general? Egypt? Asia? Australia?" commented Epps.

"Nowhere that fancy, sergeant." The general retorted still serious

"We're heading back home"

"Wait what?" Lennox interrupted "We lost contact with a base in the U.S.?"

"Exactly" he deadpanned "Which scares the hell out of the pentagon. They want us to investigate what happened."

He turned around as another soldier got close to tell him something.

"This is a matter of great concern" spoke the leader of the autobots "It would be troublesome if our enemies got a hold of that location."

He faced me "Hello again, Spartan" he said slightly smiling.

I returned the greeting with a nod "Optimus"

"Alright bots and gents: C27's are refueling and will take off in 30." The general reported.

Lennox shot his hand to the radio while Epps turned towards the other soldiers in the room "Get your gear boys, I want everyone in the transports in 15!" ordered the sergeant.

I turned towards the major "Major, sir"

"What's wrong Spartan?" he inquired still listening to the com.

"Combat range?" I needed to know what kind of warfare they were expecting.

"Medium-short, bring in a heavy weapon just in case." He immediately replied understanding why I asked.

"Roger" I turned around heading towards the exit.

_"It's a bad day to be the enemy." _ I grinned.

* * *

><p>That's it^^

next one will be up in 2-5 days

Comment, suggestion... review or PM me.

Hope you still like the fic.

Thanks for playing

14. All your base

Back!

Sorry for the wait, got exams next week and my free time vanished...

****But anyway:****

****First:****

****Thx to everyone who reviewed, followed, PM'd or fav the story. I'll keep saying it because it really helps^^****

****Second:****

****I do NOT own any rights related to Halo and/or transformers.****

****That's it.****

****Hope you enjoy:****

*** * ***

><p>- Arthur's POV-<p>

Somewhere over the Pacific.

Everyone prepped and brought their gear at the stated time. Just like the general said, their transport finished refueling and took off shortly after. I was flying together with the Major, along with about half of the humans of the squad. Ironhide, Arcee, Flare-up and Chormia were also there.

We all knew the drill; all soldiers were checking and arming their weapons before the op. I was no different, inspecting one last time all the military hardware I'd brought.

I took a wide arrange of weaponry and piled it in two of the UNSC (special edition) duffle bags I came across, the reason being that I still didn't know what kind of field we would be playing at, well not until Lennox commenced the mission briefing.

"Listen up people! We're heading towards one of the U.S. Army bases in the states. At 6:00 today, the pentagon lost all contact with it." A screen lowered near the major "These are the images from one of the UAV deployed to survey the area. We should also get satellite coverage shortly." The base was located near a forest enclosed by mountains, nothing seemed to be moving "Something is actively blocking our sensors; leaving us with very little intel to go with."

[Figuresâ€¦] Epps sarcastically commented via com. [But why the hell did they call us for? Don't we have a goddamn army for this kind of shit?]

"Aplatoon from the army Rangers is already inbound to secure the base. Why they called NEST? Probably because they suspect possible decepticon involvement" The major replied matter of factly.

"Why would the 'cons attack a fleshie base? They wouldn't bother unless they had a motive." Ironhide voiced. _"Such as looking for somethingâ€¦"_ we all concluded.

[In any case, everyone must proceed with caution.] Ratchet

advised.

"How will we get there?" I inquired.

"We'll land in an airfield 60 clicks north, and drive towards the base." He answered motioning towards the bots.

My mind raced as I pondered about everything in a tactical point of view "Permission to speak sir."

"Go ahead" he agreed.

"I suggest setting up a sniper on top of one of the mountains for tactical advantage." I voiced, still looking towards screen.

He nodded "Flare-up, can you get yourself up there?"

"No problem" the purple sniper replied.

Contented with the situation I opened the bag and started to choose my armaments.

I took out a BR and inspected its condition. When satisfied, I looked up.

"Major" I voiced, catching Lennox's attention, I then tossed him the weapon. "Here, use this."

"Thanks" he said with grinning as he caught it. I then gave him a bunch of magazines for the weapon while he inspected it.

The other soldiers started to complain "Hey! I want one too." "No fair, Lennox always gets the new stuff." I grinned and tossed a few other extras I had brought.

[I want presents too!] Interrupted Epps, annoyed because he was stuck in the other transport.

I decided on taking the BR, the Spartan laser, two SMG's and the M6K.

[Settle down kids, we're still 3 hours out] reported the pilot.

* * *

><p>-Arcee's POV-<p>

"15 minutes left till we get to the base" I thought as we drove all the way through the mountain road.

[Flare-up here, I'm in position] my sister reported, she went ahead as soon as we landed. [Definitely decepticons] I can see a few blaster craters.] She added after a pause.

[Any survivors?] Inquired Lennox

[Negative, I can't see any kind of movement.] The femme sadly reported.

[Dammit] We heard Epps curse.

[Strike team to Grandpa, what's the ETA on that eagle eye?] The major sent via radio.

[This is grandpa; eagle eye is out of the game.] The general replied on the same channel. [Sorry Strike team, you're flying blind on this one.]

[Slagging terrific.] Chromia sarcastically quipped on the private Team-com.

The base came into view, smoke hovering over some buildings.

I felt the Spartan's grip strengthen on my handlebar. "Reachâ€|" he whispered.

[Look alive people, I'm 150% sure we're walking into trouble. Weapons free.] Lennox then ordered.

[Keep your optics open, our enemies are probably laying an ambush as we speak] Ratched advised.

['Cons are in for a surprise today.] The sergeant stated via com.

We all knew he was referring to the Spartan.

We arrived at the gate

Destruction filled the base: vehicles on fire, smoking craters andâ€|

"By Primusâ€| all these poor soulsâ€|" bodies laid around, their hands still holding their weapons.

NEST soldiers were exiting the vehicles "Dammit!" Cursed the major looking for survivors, Arthur also jumped into action hastily approaching the downed humans checking for their pulse. The autobots transformed and proceeded to help the humans, I closed in on the Spartan to help, Ironhide and the others checked the area while Ratched started scanning the surroundings for survivors.

Almost half of them seemed to be unconscious because of their injuries, most of them gravely wounded. The Spartan expertly applied emergency field aid while Ratchet also struggled along with NEST's field medic to stabilize the victims.

"Lennox, these people need immediate evacuation!" The autobot medic reported.

Lennox's hand shot up to his earpiece. [Strike-team to Magic, do you copy?]

Magic being the codename given to their intelligence support stationed back at Diego Garcia [Magic here, I read you.]

[We've got survivors, badly wounded, they need evac NOW!] The major urgently requested.

[Roger Strike team, choppers are on their way from the airfield. ETA: 30 minutes. I suggest you clear a LZ.] The male voice

replied.

[Will, we've got movement.] The weapons specialist voiced via team-com, alerting everyone.

Arthur didn't waste any time; he was already holding one of his weapons, the Battle rifle, scanning the vicinity for enemies.

[Motion signatures: 100 meters, circling around our position.] The Spartan emotionlessly relayed in his battle trance-like voice.

"They have us surrounded? Those poor bastards." Grinned Epps as he held his SABOT round launcher.

"Get ready folks. You know the drill: Keep your heads down, fingers on your triggers and we all get to go home in one piece." The major voiced.

[Flare-up to team, I've picked up on some drones heading your way.] My sister reported, a hint of distress in her voice.

"Great, I'm finally getting the chance to exercise." Ironhide expressed, a huge smile plastered on his face as he revealed his huge guns. "Let them come. What was that charming human saying? Ah! 'Like moths to a fire'."

I also brought out my blaster, ready for action.

"All units, engage!" Lennox ordered. We all sprang into action.

"Tango, 2 o'clock." The Spartan voiced just as he opened fire at one of the Decepticons drones that made the mistake of leaving its cover, hitting him square in the optics.

The battle had begun.

I saw something blur pass me, Arthur was running straight towards the drone he had blinded, firing accurately at any unarmored component.

"Arcee" he unworriedly spoke, moving on to the next target. Instantly getting what he meant: I finished off the decepticon with my weapon.

The base had become a battlefield once again. Many drones seemed to have hidden in the base waiting to ambush us. But it wasn't going as they had planned, especially with the Spartan here.

"Oh scrap!" I cried out when a decepticon suddenly tried to surprise us, breaking through one of the buildings. Focused on the unstoppable human-sized behemoth, he tried to hit him with some sort of melee weapon.

He missed, as the Spartan ducked by reflex without even looking at him. But before Arthur could counter, the decepticon was struck by a powerful blast.

Ironhide was laying suppressive fire around our position [Come on,

keep moving.]

[Roger] the Spartan replied as he shot forward, firing at his next victim.

"He's too reckless!" I angrily thought, following the warrior.
[Ironhide! Cover the Spartan!]

He chuckled [On it.] unleashing another barrage with his cannons.

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

I dodged one of the decepticons blasts by sidestepping, although my shields could hold this sort of attacks; they would get drained at a quicker pace.

"They make the covenant's fuel rods look like small lightersâ€¦" I dejectedly thought, blinding the aggressor with a few bursts.

"Curse you weakling!" It howled. "I shall crush you like the insect you-" was all he could say before Arcee gave the killing blow.

"Are they always this talkative?" I thought out loud, extremely annoyed.

"Yes, it almost like their main concern is to get on your nerves instead of fighting." The femme replied, also irritated.

"Is that soâ€¦" I dejectedly replied, shooting at another decepticons unarmored components.

"They're quite a lot of them." I voiced as I kept on shooting. "Good thing I grabbed enough ammo."

"Why not use the Spartan laser?" She inquired as she dodged one of the drone's attacks.

"It would run out of power in a few minutes with this many enemies." I plainly answered, firing at anything that moved. "At least if it runs out, I don't need to change the power sourceâ€¦" The older models were a real painâ€¦"

I heard gun fire close to my position. Epps and a few of the soldiers had made their advance inward the base and were now providing us with cover fire. Well the others wereâ€¦ Epps seemed to just empty his weapons against any decepticon he could see.

"*thump* You get a bullet! *thump* And you get a bullet! *thump* EVERY ONE gets a bullet! *thump* *thump*â€¦" he yelled as he spammed the SABOT round launcher.

After a few minutes "Shit! Out of ammo!" he cried, faking fright as he lowered his weapon.

He grinned: the decepticons fell into his trap. "Not! Check out my new toy!" he roared as he brought up the rail-gun. "EAT THIS YOU FUCKERS!" the rail-gun fired, blasting a couple of the decepticons without any trouble.

The battle waged on. I lost count on how many Decepticons we had defeated when the com came online.

[Flare-up to team: I've spotted seekers coming our way, and they're coming fast!] The femme relayed. [I'll cover you if I can.]

[Negative Flare-up, do not engage. You'll only reveal your position to the enemy.] I calmly replied to the anxious sniper.

[But-] she tried to argue.

[The Spartan's right. Flare-up, do not reveal your position, that's an order.] Lennox interrupted.

He then spoke again [Strike team to Magic, Where is Warwolf? We need air support, got a lot of seekers coming our way.]

[Warwolf is on their way. ETA: 10 minutes.] He reported.

[Terrific! Chromia, Ironhide: You two are up for anti-air duty.] The major ordered.

[Roger] They both acknowledged.

"I take it a seeker is an air unit?" I asked Arcee.

"Yes, and they are always a pain in the aft!" she simply replied. "We better take cover; let 'hide and Mia hold them off until we get air support." She added pointing one of the military installations.

It seemed the others we're doing the same while suppressing the remaining Decepticon drones nearby, although there weren't many left in our area.

I reluctantly agreed and entered one of the buildings, scanning its interior.

"Clear!" I reported

Arcee came in behind me.

"Watch your head." I cautioned, still examining the room. Two bodies caught my attention; I got closer to check the vitals.

I quickly placed my finger on their necks to see if I could feel a heartbeat.

â€|Nothing, they were dead.

I shook my head _"Dammit!_" as I began to look for the cause of their deaths.

The building shook as we heard some explosions outside.

Arcee sighed "Fragging seekers, always so scrapping annoying."

"Huh?" I unintentionally voiced focused on my task, this was really weird.

"What's wrong?" she asked, struggling to get closer in the tight room.

Both soldiers were shot in the back of their heads, small-caliber weapons, probably a handgun.

"They weren't killed by decepticonsâ€¦ small caliber shots behind their heads; they were executed at close rangeâ€¦" I relayed shaking my head. "By humans most likelyâ€¦" Something was very wrong here.

The ground quaked again at the impact of one of the seekers air strikes. I quickly examined the bodies for any handy items: A frag grenade was the only thing I found useful.

[Magic! We're getting screwed out here! Where is Warwolf!?] Lennox yelled via the com.

A different male voice answered [Strike team, this is Warwolf lead. Hang tight, we're two minutes out and coming in hot. We'll take care of the air bogies.]

"Ugh! Finally! I hate small roomsâ€¦" Arcee grumbled.

My motion sensor flared, Arcee also sensed something.

Arcee shouted "Spartan, look-!"

Before I could figure out what was happening, the wall next to me exploded: something came out from and tossed me. I couldn't even counter.

â€¦

When I came to, after being dazzled for a few seconds from the impact, I found myself outside, my shields warning flickeringâ€¦ Trying to understand what occurred.

"Watch out!" Arcee warned, my mind focused: my training went into overdrive.

I barely dodged a decepticon attempting to finish me; I even had to use the booster frame to evade its attacks.

"He's fast!" _ I thought concerned, returning fire with the SMG's.

"Spartan!" cried Arcee as she fired on the decepticon. [Lennox! We're engaging Soundwave, need back up!]

I ducked, dodging one of his blade attacks.

"Time to end this!_" I used the booster frame to dodge another of his attacks, passing right between his legs. I grabbed the recently acquired grenade priming it.

Just as he turned around I tossed it with all my strength at the decepticons head. It struck, making a satisfying sound, and finally detonated.

Arcee was battling other drones nearby. But the possibility of the decepticon withstanding that explosion was high so I jumped back ready to finish him off.

I intended to grab the Spartan laser butâ€¦

"Shit! I dropped it when it threw me!" And the SMG's were out of ammoâ€¦

The smoke cleared with the enemy still standing. The grenade damaged the head, but not enough to offline itâ€¦

It brought up its blaster, energy charging it.

"This is not my dayâ€¦" was one of my thoughts. The booster frame won't be enough to evade it at this distance, there simply wasn't time.

It smirked, the weapon fully charged.

Time slowed down.

"Definitely not my lucky dayâ€¦"

"Arthur!" I heard Arcee cry.

The weapon firedâ€¦

* * *

><p>I kinda felt for the 'dun dun DUN!' ending. please don't hate me too much for it T.T

Comments, reviews, suggestions, questions or cool codename for the NEST squad pls PM or review^^ (It's kinda hard to find a fitting name. :|)

Yes, I'm using an 'ace combat: horizon' reference. It's not really realistic but I really enjoyed the story.

Due to some pressing matters (I blame the exams) It may take more time to finish the next chapter 4-7 days. I'm really sorry for the delay.

Hope you still enjoy the fic.

Thanks for playing

15. Do not belong to you

Here you go, although I'm still busy studying for the exams, I've managed to get some free time to finish the chapter.

As usual:

**I'd like to thank everyone who supported this fic with a review,
PM, fav, follow... THX^^**

I do NOT own halo or transformers.

Hope you enjoy:

* * *

><p>-Lennox's POV-<p>

We barely had time to move all the injured soldiers into one of the vehicle bays before the seekers attacked, WAY too close for comfort.

Ratchet was also nearby, covering the LZ. I could hear Ironhide's cannons fire from somewhere in the base, drawing the seekers to himself. Chromia insisted on staying close by, attacking the seekers.

"Fucking seekersâ€¦" I muttered as one of their attacks struck.

One of the soldiers reloaded his SABOT launcher "Why are the drones hiding?" he voiced.

"Not sure, but my gut tells me they will come at us soon. So be ready." I replied reloading the Battle rifle the Spartan gave me.

"We should have brought back upâ€¦" I didn't want to bring too many bots, so Optimus and I deemed five autobots would suffice for this kind of missionâ€¦

"But against all these dronesâ€¦ If it weren't for the Spartan, this could have gone south really fast."

Another explosion shook the ground.

"Sir, Incoming drones!" one of the soldiers alerted from one of our make shift barricades.

"Dammitâ€¦ Defensive positions everyone! We will not let them get pass us!" I ordered while I got to one of the barricades we we're using for cover. "Chromia, don't let the seekers get the jump on us!" she acknowledged by firing her weapons against any seeker that got close.

A drone's battle cry sounded in the distance. They are coming.

"GET READY!" I yelled. We weren't a one man army like the Spartan, but that by no means meant we couldn't hold our ground against a couple of decepticons.

"HERE THEY ARE FOLKS! LIGHT THEM UP!" I howled opening fire. Every gun beside me fired at the same time, the deadly barrage took out a couple of drones.

We follow a simple strategy: All light or non-sabot rounds we're to cripple the decepticons, taking out any component we could, then the squad mates carrying the SABOT launchers or any other heavy gear

finished the opponents off.

"Don't take NEST too lightly you assholes!" I voiced inwards, as the drones fell one after another.

But this is only temporary; we needed those seekers out of our way or we risked being overwhelmed by the sheer number of enemy drones.

[Magic! We're getting screwed out here! Where is Warwolf!?] I yelled at the com, the sound of explosions all around me.

[Strike team, this is Warwolf lead. Hang tight, we're two minutes out and coming in hot. We'll take care of the air bogies.] Another voice answered my request. I was already familiar with it, after all the times they had helped us.

I switched the frequency of my com device. [Colonel, glad you finally decided to join us.] I joyfully expressed in the channel they normally used.

He chuckled [Sorry for the delay, took a while to refuel the raptors after we flew directly from base to the airfield.]

[Well, we've got quite a few bugs pestering. Think you can handle it?] I relayed, grinning.

[Warwolf 2 here, don't sweat it; Boss told us pack up the heat.] Another cheerful voice answered.

[Warwolf lead to all wings: switch safeties off and enable targeting systems.] The older voice ordered.

We kept fighting off the drones until we heard the sound of our air support approaching. The com buzzed with different voices as they roared over us, assaulting the seekers.

[Engaging bogies.]

[On its tail.]

[Got one behind me, trying to shake it.]

[I have a lock!]

[Break left, break left!]

[Fox two!]

[Inbound! Dropping flares!]

[Strike one!]

â€|

Warwolf had officially joined the fray.

We started pushing back the drones, thanks to Chromia who gave us her support.

A distressed voice came via team-com.

[Lennox! We're engaging Soundwave, need back up!] It was Arcee.

"Fuck! Soundwave?"

"What the pit is Soundwave doing here?" Chromia growled.

[Flare-up, where are they?] I immediately inquired.

[Almost at the other side of the base. I can't see them clearly!] The femme replied, also concerned.

[Ironhide! Move in to assist if you can.] I instantly ordered.

He didn't reply but we heard his weapons fire in the distance, I knew my partner understood.

"I sure they're ok." Chormia expressed, although a bit worried.

I nodded "Right, let's keep holding our position."

* * *

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

Everything happened so fast.

A moment ago I had been inside one of the installations, following the Spartan.

My sensor alerts me of movement and I tried to warn the warrior. The wall explodes and the next thing I know, Arthur had been tossed out of the building by a decepticon.

Now, The Spartan managed to get up after being hurled outside. He looked confused.

I then saw movement again.

Soundwaveâ€¦ And he was going straight for the Spartan.

"Watch out!" I warned, snapping the Spartan out of his trance. He skillfully evaded the decepticon's attack.

"Spartan!" I cried as I ran towards the skirmish guns blazing, Arthur was going to need help. [Lennox! We're engaging Soundwave, need back up!]

More drones appeared. _"Scrap!"_ I needed to keep them away from the Spartan. The last thing he needed was a bunch of fraggers distracting.

It already looked hard enough as the Spartan to dodge Soundwave's blade attacks. [Flare-up! We need help, can you cover us?] I pleaded to my sister in a private channel.

[I'm trying, but you're behind some of the buildings and I can't get clear shots!] She seemed angry; I knew it was because she felt

incapable of helping.

I kept fighting the drones, even if they outnumbered me, I could cope with them. Drones aren't smart; they fought many times worse in comparison to any full-fledged decepticon.

I quickly took down drone after drone, using my agility and melee weapons.

I kept an optic on the Spartans situation; he surprisingly still kept dodging the decepticons weapons, those thrusters in his armor were certainly something, but I still marveled at his speed without them.

He ducked, and then passed between Soundwaves legs, tossing the grenade at him when the 'con turned around.

_"HE'S TO FRAGGIN RECKLESS!" _ I was furious, but I still had to take care of three other drones, for some reason they were giving me a hard time. The grenade exploded.

It wasn't enough to offline the botâ€¦ We both knew that, so he jumped back realizing he had dropped the Spartan laser.

The smoke cleared, Soundwave was clearly still online, switching to his blaster. _"Scrap!"_ I mentally cursed still fighting the drones. [FLARE-UP, THE SPARTAN NEED HELP NOW!] I desperately pleaded.

An angry response came [SLAG! I can't take the shot, their behind cover and my sensors are being jammed so I can't take the shot without a LOS!]

I barely managed to finish the drones, but I was too late: Soundwave's weapon was fully charged and aiming at the Spartan. _"NO! HE'S NOT GOING TO SURVIVE AN ENERGON BLAST THAT POWERFUL!"_

"Arthur!" I helplessly cried, just as the weapon fired.

I felt my spark twinge for a moment._ "Noâ€¦!"_

But as the smoke cleared, I was completely taken aback with what I sawâ€¦

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

"I didn't want to reveal thisâ€¦ but what's done is done."

This was the only way I could think off to survive that blast. One of the new mods the UNSC was experimenting on, the MJOIRN bubble shield system.

My instructor had once told me about one of the covenant's equipment: the bubble shield, and how he had used it in the battle for Earth. The only flaw it had been its single use.

After years of study, the UNSC science division made a breakthrough, by using the MJNOIRN armor; they could replicate the defense

shield.

And that's just what I used now.

I disabled the field after reloading my SMG's.

Both bots were taken aback with my survival. Arcee's optics were wide open, a mixture of amazement and relief.

Soundwave's on the other hand, still couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Howâ€¦?" Arcee muttered.

"Spartans never die, they only go missing." I simply deadpanned.

Spartan time kicked in.

Before they snapped out of their trance, I jumped and ran on top of the Decepticons arm, spraying bullets on every part the grenade damaged.

I was already emptying the magazines on the robots head when he painfully grasped what was going on and quickly tried to shake me off him.

"Nope" I smirked, activating the mag-boots.

Even after using almost half of the mag in the Decepticon, it wasn't causing any severe damage. _"Why the hell didn't I load AP rounds for the SMG'sâ€¦" _I mentally cursed.

[Get off him Spartan, it's my turn.] The autobot weapons specialist joyfully sent via team-com.

From what I heard: Ironhide always meant business.

I smartly decided to comply. Mag-boots off, I jumped away from the Decepticon prepping myself for the landing.

It didn't happen; just as I got a few meters of distance, two arms quickly snatch me yanking away from the battle.

At that moment, the sound of a huge blast struck the Decepticon, visibly staggering the giant. But before Soundwave got hit again, it transformed and flew away at an incredible speed.

"GET BACK HERE YOU COWARDCON!" Ironhide roared unleashing his cannons, however, the enemy already left weapon range. Not even Flare-up could get a clean shot at him now.

I silently cursed and tried to get free from the arms that restrained my movementâ€¦ They wouldn't budge.

Puzzled, I gazed up only to find Arcee looking back at meâ€¦ A really pissed Arceeâ€¦

"Ar-?"

"Quiet!" she hissed. Somehow she was glaring directly at my eyes through the polarized visor.

"Oh shit!" I unconsciously flinched. It's just like the times when Commander Palmer was about to chew me up for something I'd done. No Spartan feared the enemy, most of them would bravely fight against the flood without distress, but only a handful of us were able to keep their heads high when the Spartan commander scolded us.

"Yeah, maybe I could handle the commander, but she wasn't several heads taller or had blasters integrated in her arms!"

"Spartan!" she growled, barely hiding her anger.

"Here it comes!"

"WHAT THE PIT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!" she yelled

"Huh?" I barely vocalized before she cut me off.

"NOT ONLY ARE YOU RECKLESS ENOUGH TO JUST RUN OFF STRAIGHT INTO THE ENEMY, YOU FIGHT THEM AT CLOSE RANGE!" she was fuming.

"BUT THAT'S NOT ALL, YOU'RE TOSSED OUT OF A BUILDING, SENT CRASHING INTO THE STREET BY ONE OF THE MOST LETHAL DECEPTICONS THERE IS AND THE ONLY THING YOU THINK OF IS TO JUST CARELESSLY WRESTLE IT, WHICH ALMOST GOT YOU KILLED!" she went on. "NOW I GET WHY OPTIMUS MADE ME YOUR GUARDIAN: YOU'RE JUST TOO RECKLESS AND WILL EVENTUALLY GET YOURSELF KILLED, UNLESS SOMEONE STOPS YOU!"

"I'm only doing what I was trained to do." I rebuked.

"Yeah? Well I'm just following my orders to protect you, because I'm your guardian!" she chastised, glaring.

She sighed, trying to calm herself down. "Alright, I'm going to let you go. And when I do, we're pulling back to Lennox. We'll help them clear out the remaining cons, WITHOUT ACTING RECKLESSLY. Understand?" she then said with a stern voice.

"But!"

"**Understand?*" she echoed, expecting one answer only.

"Yes, Ma'am!" I dejectedly acknowledged, lowering my head.

"Good." She nodded, satisfied with my answer, setting me down.

[Lennox, Soundwave's gone and we're heading back, where are you?] She requested, via comm.

[Roger Arcee, we're near the gate, covering the LZ for the choppers coming to evacuate the wounded.] The major informed. [Chromia, 'hide, and the others are sweeping the base for any stragglers while Warwolf fights off the remaining seekers.]

[Affirmative Major, heading back to the gate.] The femme reported. She glared at me again; I could still feel the anger in her optics!

I went back into the building to find my weapon; buried under some of the debris.

Relieved, I proceeded to inspect it for damage.

"Oh, you found it. Is it broken?" the femme asked, still focused on everything I do.

"Doesn't seem so, I'd need to check the components to be sure." I replied, securing the Spartan laser on my back. "Ready, let's head back." I added, answering the unspoken question.

She simply nodded as we walked our way through the base.

The battle had apparently ended; I couldn't hear any weapon fire. The base fell relatively silent.

We crossed paths with some of the NEST squads, moving around to secure the site, Chromia and Ironhide along with them.

I started to hear the sound of rotors cutting through the air, at the same time as a couple of helicopters started to descend. I recalled the old UH-144 Falcons the UNSC kept for atmospheric ops as we got closer to the choppers.

Lennox, along with the rest of the members nearby, was helping the helicopter crew load the survivors onto the aircrafts.

I quickly moved towards him, we both lifted one of the stretchers.

"Spartan, good to see you." Lennox casually voiced, while he guided our way towards one of the choppers. "I expected you would help the others secure the base."

"He changed his mind." the femme immediately deadpanned, leaving no room for argument.

The major chuckled when I involuntarily lowered my head. "I see." He simply answered, grinning as he got the picture.

[Warwolf to Lennox, sky's clear. We'll keep the airspace secure until we run out of fuel.] The experienced pilot informed.

[Roger Warwolf and thanks for the favor] The major replied.

After all the survivors were accounted for, the choppers immediately dusted off.

[Alright folks, we've got one hour until the rangers get here and as soon as they arrive we're pulling back to base. Let the spooks handle the investigation.] The major ordered.

Everyone wanted to head back and relax after a busy day.

* * *

><p>Well, that's it for the base... Maybe it'll go on vacation or something after all that happened...

Still on exam period. I'll TRY to get the next chapter by next week, most of my exams are also during the week so please don't hate me.

Comments, suggestions, ideas... leave a review or PM, I'll honestly answer the best I way I can.

I've also got a new idea for the fic, BUT I'm still pondering about it...

Hope you still like the fic.

Thanks for playing.

16. Aftermath

Finally, sorry for the delay.

My schedule got fucked because of some external reasons so I've barely had any free time.

But anyway back to business

First of all I'd like to thank everyone whose given me their support.

**Your reviews, PM's, follows and favs really make me happy.
Thx^! **

As usual: I do NOT own any right concerning Transformer or Halo franchises. If I do get them one day, I'll let you know.

Hope you enjoy:

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

I sighed once again. Currently inside one of the C-27's flying over the Pacific.

Running over the whole operation as I have done for the past few hours, there wasn't much else a Spartan could do right nowâ€|

The decepticons were dangerous; especially the last one we encountered. They clearly were a serious threat. But, as it always happens, every enemy that has a forte must also have a weakness.

Contrary to most of the enemies in my dimension, the decepticons don't seem to use any kind of energy shield, which made having a weapon powerful enough to pierce their armor the only requirement to damage them.

Another setback would be their size: If the UNSC marines had problems going against a pair of Hunters, fighting against a great number of mechanical giants could also pose a problem.

Their weapons would also be part of the dilemma: Even if only half of the decepticons had the same weapon which forced me to use the bubble shield, this would exponentially raise the amount of casualties in the fieldâ€¦ Probably nothing short of a power armor similar to the MJOLNIR could effectively survive being hit with something like that.

"Which means we're back to fighting a highly developed enemy with pure numbersâ€¦|"

The strategy NEST used was simple, a joint strike force of autobots and humans to take the fight directly where it was going down. The humans would group in squads, and then work together taking the enemy down one by one.

Effectively, this was the only tactical way I could come up with for regular soldiers; it was clearly obvious that only a few humans (not counting the Spartans) could hold their own against decepticons if the need arises.

What had me concerned was the last decepticon we fought. From what Arcee explained; it goes by the name of Soundwave; he's one of the high ranked decepticons known to be here on Earth, an extremely lethal one at that.

I kept replaying the battle in my mind, for something so big, I still had to use the booster frame to dodge most of its attacks.

But I am a Spartan, maybe not as good as the II's or some of the III's but a Spartan none the less. And Spartans always won, no matter what.

_"Next time we meet, it's going down." I mentally pledged, just before getting my hopes shot down by a certain femme.

"You better not be thinking of anything reckless." Arcee warned, still mindful about my movements.

That caught the Spartan, once again, completely off guard.

Several hours later, back at Diego Garcia.

Currently standing on one of the platforms inside the command center; giving my report concerning the previous operation.

Nothing new to me, after every assignment back at the UNSC we were forced to give our personal reports when needed, or just give each squad leaders report if it wasn't that important.

ONI assignments were another thing. After each operation I would ALWAYS end up inside a dark room with at least one spook, answering an endless barrage of questions about every single goddamn detail they could come up with, being constantly reminded that everything mentioned in it was classified. Thankfully NEST wasn't ONI.

I stopped recalling those unpleasant memories as I finished giving my report.

Silence fell in the command center; most of the humans present had their eyes wide open as they processed the information. Only the

general and Lennox seemed concerned, as they pondered on the events.

But whatever it was, he decided to leave it for later as he voiced "Thank you for your cooperation Spartan. From what you and the major reported things could have gotten really serious if you hadn't been there."

I shook my head "Not a problem, sir. Just doing what I was trained for, nothing else."

"Do not sell your actions short, Spartan. Standing your ground against Soundwave is a feat by itself." Optimus voiced, apparently amused by my statement. For some reason I felt strangely proud after hearing him say that.

Lennox chuckled "I'll say; you should have seen how he just ran straight towards the drones, they didn't know what hit'em."

The general raised his hand as he spoke "Anyway, well done. Lennox, Spartan; you two should get some rest, Dismissed."

I instinctively saluted before turning to leave the room. I wasn't really tired but orders are orders. _"I probably should check my equipment for any serious damageâ€|"_

Just as I was about to exit the room, the door opened as Arcee entered the command center.

"Spartan." She voiced, she appeared a bit less angry than before.

"Arcee." I returned the greeting as I kept walking.

* * *

><p>-Arcee's POV-<p>

I was finally able to get into the command center, after being forced to have Ratchet run some diagnostics in case I suffered some damage in today's operation, which he damn well knew I would be the first to notice if something was wrong.

Crossing paths with the Spartan as I entered the room, I greeted him. Arthur, after returning the greeting, kept on walking and left the room.

Lennox also appeared to be leaving as he approached.

"How'd the check up go?" he cheerfully asked, even though he could already guess the answer.

"Well, for some unknown reason, he couldn't find anything wrong." I replied with a hint of annoyance as I shrugged my shoulders in a mocking gesture. "Should be 'hides turn by now."

He chuckled as he smiled "Well better go check it out, wouldn't want to miss the 'mighty warrior' cower in front of the doc." He expressed as he made his way towards the exit.

I sighed, heading towards Optimus and the general. They seemed to be discussing about the operation.

"Greetings Arcee, I presume everything went well?" the autobot leader inquired as he noticed me getting closer. Both Prime and the general looked concerned.

"Yes Optimus, but the rest are still in the med bay." I answered "Is something wrong?"

"No, it's nothing important." Prime shook his head.

"We were just voicing or thought about one of your discoveries, speaking of which." Morshower explained. "The Spartan reported that both of you found two bodies in the base, each of which had been shot with a small-caliber weapon, correct?"

"Affirmative" I honestly replied. I then projected the video data regarding that scene, which displayed the Spartan examining the two bodies, voicing the disturbing conclusion.

I cut the feed, noticing how the general's face darkened just before he hid it behind his veteran emotionless façade. "Thank you Arcee, if you'll excuse me, I've got a call from the pentagonâ€¦| Damn suits are getting noisyâ€¦|" he growled as he headed to one of the screens used for vid-calls.

Optimus looked lost in thought, but soon snapped out of it "Ratchet has promised me to make Ironhide and Chromia send their reports as soon as he has finished with the scans." He sighed, no one can interrupt one of Ratchets medical checkups, and this was no exception. "Although, seeing that you're hereâ€¦| Is something troubling you?"

There it was; Optimus could always find out how almost every autobot felt.

There wasn't any need to hide it, so I just spoke my mind. "It's about the Spartan. Regarding today's operationâ€¦|"

"Is something wrong with the Spartan?" he asked, worry had materialized in his optics, only discernible for those who had spent a lot of time with Prime.

"What? No, there's nothing wrong with him from what I know." I tried to explain "But the way he acts is what has me worried."

"Runs straight against the drones, dodges some of their strikes by so little I don't even want to compute the exact distance." I kept voicing after I had explained the events from my perspective "not to mention being tossed like a 'ragdoll', as humans would say, and the best part is: he simply decides to take on Soundwave, which almost got him killed in the process." I felt a bit anxious as I remembered the scene "He's just too scraping reckless! Almost like Hot Rod, and that's saying something." I finally said, trying to calm myself down.

Optimus chuckled at my last remark. "Alright, I will talk to the Spartan the next time I get the chance." He replied in his baritone voice, professionally hiding the amusement he felt.

I sighed as I forcibly calmed my processors. "Thank you. I better go get some energon."

"Maybe try to relax for a bit!" I thought while I said goodbye to the commander, just before leaving the room.

* * *

><p>- Third POV-<p>

Optimus nodded as the femme left the command center, and unknown to the blue femme, he was quite pleased with what he had heard. Not only didn't she appear to be severely displeased with her assignment, but he could feel that she was somewhat genuinely concerned about his wellbeing.

He did make a mental note about talking to the Spartan. Even if the Spartan was an extremely formidable combatant, it was the commanding officers duty to insure the safety of his comrades; this did not include engaging and getting blasted by one the leading Decepticons. He would have to dissuade Arthur from taking such dangerous actions in the future.

His mind, once again, went back to the events concerning the operation. Something was out of place; there hasn't been any significant Decepticon activity since the battle for Chicago. Why would the Decepticons attack that military base in such a direct way? What was their plan? Maybe Prowl would come up with a few theories.

Optimus noticed that the general had finished his conference call with the human organization. He looked worried as he approached.

"I don't like the looks of this Optimus, the Pentagon is also concerned with the possible implications this could lead to so they will try to find out what really happened back there." The general openly expressed "I only remember a handful of operations where we've encountered that many drones in the same site and in all of them the Decepticons had a clear objective." He paused for a few seconds, obviously pondering on the implications this may have. "I can come up with a few bad scenarios, but two of them really worry me. The first would be the possibility of the Decepticons having more of these "Pretenders" in their ranks. The second, which really frightens me!"

"The possibility of a third party actively co-operating with the Decepticons." The Autobot leader added, ending the general's chain of thoughts. "I am also deeply concerned about these possibilities!"

Morshower slowly nodded "Whatever it is, we better get to the bottom of it as soon as we can. Let's just hope they finish gathering the intel soon."

- Arcee's POV-

I silently sipped the contents from one of the cubes, finally able to replenish my energon reserves, after being caught up answering questions or sharing some of the visual data with the rest of the

bots, curious of how today's mission had gone. It took almost an hour to satisfy their curiosity.

Ironhide, along with Chromia, were both still locked away in the med-bay and Flare-up was nowhere to be found.

"Ah! There you are." A femme's voice came from behind. I didn't have to turn around to know it belonged to my commanding officer.

Elita had probably just arrived from one of her patrols as she sat in front of me, cube in her hand. "How did the mission go?"

I'm pretty sure she already knew the answer, along with getting most of the details from Optimus or Chromia. But I didn't care as I honestly answered "Not badâ€¦ could've gone worse."

She gave a knowing grin "I heard the Warrior helped quite a bit."

"Maybe, but I had my hands full keeping the little glitch from throwing himself head-on into the pit to notice anything." I grumbled, still annoyed by Arthur's attitude.

She giggled, amused with my answer "So I've been told."

I stared at the hangar's entrance, not enjoying being made fun of by my superior.

We stayed silent for a few minutes.

"By the way, I haven't seen Flare-up since you left, where is she?" Elita inquired, changing the subject.

"Probably just cruising somewhere around the base, you know she doesn't like being stuck indoors when she gets bored." I replied.

"Most likely looking for something that catches her interestâ€¦ She's possibly somewhere close to the Spartan. Speaking of whichâ€¦" _

"I better go check what the Spartan's up toâ€¦" I voiced as I stood up.

Elita smiled, she probably already knew what crossed my mind but didn't say anything, she simply nodded as I left.

* * *

><p>That's it for this chapter.

I'll begin working on the next one as soon as I can, and I'm really sorry but I won't be able to give you an ETA but I do promise I will keep this story going, whatever it takes.

Any comments, reviews, suggestions and the like are greatly appreciated, if you need anything else do not hesitate to PM.

I hope you still enjoy the fic.

****Thanks for Playing.****

17. Downtime

****Greetings.****

****Sorry for the lack of updates, College eats most of my time and the rest is spent doing many things I need to do...****

****But anyway, here the next chapter.****

****As always I'd like to thank everyone who reviewed, followed, fav, or simply read my fic.****

****And by the way: Much to my regret, I don't own any rights from either Halo or Transformers.****

****So here you go, hope you enjoy:****

*** * ***

<p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

Around 30 minutes had passed since the debriefing took place; I spent most of that time examining my armor for problems. Thankfully, I only found a few dents and scratches easy, which took a few minutes to repair, and no major component had taken damage.

Now I was sitting right next to one of the tables, now occupied with the disassembled Spartan-laser, eating one of the MRE's I got my hands on earlier today while I examined the internal components.

"Looks like the power coils are intactâ€¦ Energy cells still seem to be working and the Recharge module still functions. Whoever designed the casing should get a medal." I happily thought.

UNSC scientists tried to make the next weapon models have a simple or similar layout to the older weapons, because you would sometimes have to perform repairs on the field. Thanks to this, I could deftly disassemble, repair, change parts if I had to, and finally reassemble almost any of the UNSC weaponry, regardless of the model.

The bad news is; being a new model capable of recharging; I had no real experience with this kind of layout. It wouldn't be smart to experiment on it with the limited supplies I have available.

"There goes the chance to tinker with the energy distributionâ€¦" I thought as I leaned backwards on the chair.

Right now, with the current settings, it takes around a second to fire the laser with the drawback of only capable of firing 3 or 4 shots in a regular interval until it needs to recharge.

"It's clearly surpasses the previous models in every aspectâ€¦ but on the battle field and against enemies like the decepticonsâ€¦ a second will probably become the difference between life and death." _

I munched on what was left of the ration as I grabbed a datapad I used for keeping inventory on the supplies.

"At least I still have AP ammo for most of the guns. It should last for a while, even with the amount I use in one battle." I had already started reassembling the laser.

My hands kept moving as I planned on how to handle the situation. I didn't have to actively think about what I was doing, after many years of intense warfare every Spartan reflexively took apart and rebuilt their weapons, even with their eyes closed. Sometimes we did it just to pass time between missions.

"Maybe I should ask the autobot scientist, Wheeljack, to scan it, just in case any component takes damage and I need a spareâ€¦|"

After a few minutes, I was rewarded with a satisfying *click* as I finished rearming the weapon.

"This should do it, should work now, better make sure to test it out in the range just in case though. Wouldn't be fun if it suddenly broke down in the middle of a missionâ€¦|"

My efforts were rewarded with a satisfying *click* as I closed the casing, the onboard computer rebooted.

Using the datapad to synch with the small computer, I brought up the main interface.

```
*/Running basic system diagnosticsâ€¦| Please do not shut down or  
remove the power supply/**
```

```
*/Estimated time remaining: 4+ hours/**
```

"4 fucking hours?" I unconsciously grumbled "So much for 'basic'â€¦|"

If there was one thing most Spartans hated; it would be being forced to wait for no reason.

"When I get back, I'm going to murder the eggheads responsible for this." I added, extremely annoyed.

It was already late afternoon, only a few hours left for sunset.

"Screw it." I grabbed one of the Sniper rifles, a handful of mags and my helmet as I left for the range.

I paused just before leaving the room as I heard a slight mechanical sound coming from outside, I had a feeling someone was watching, I paid it no mind tough, but this was just the confirmation I needed. I also had my suspicion on who was the culprit.

"You can join me for some target practice if you want, Flare-up." I voiced, loud enough to be heard by whoever was lurking outside.

The sound of what I would assume is a transformer jolting after being caught by surprise, drew a grin on my face.

A few moments later came the reply "Umâ€| Sure, why not?" Just as I though, it was the femme.

I shook my head as I walked towards the entrance._ "heh, she may not be human, but she sometimes sure does act like one." _

"New target, left building, 2Â° floor, next to one of the big windows." I relayed

"Got it." The femme replied as she adjusted her aim, taking the shot.

"Confirmed hit." I informed as the drone dropped.

We were outside one of the shooting ranges, once again urban scenario. Helmetless, I was currently looking through the unloaded sniper's scope, spotting targets for Flare-up.

The training areas around us were quiet; the only thing being used at this hour was the obstacle course, where a drill instructor could be heard roaring insults while the grunts passed through the many different obstacles.

"It's almost like being back at a UNSC baseâ€| well, without the modern tech AND having giant robots as allies but similar nonethelessâ€|"

My thoughts were interrupted by the femme "Umâ€| Arthur?"

I still felt a bit uncomfortable with hearing my name, but I didn't really mind. "Right, sorry." I replied, not taking my eye off the scope "Another one to the right, ground floor, near the center and on the move."

"I see it." She voiced, sniping the drone. "Anyway, why are we doing this?"

"I had nothing better to do for a while, and I thought this was a good way to pass time." I plainly replied, scanning for more targets.

"That 4 hour thing you talked about?"

"Affirmative" I answered smirking.

A blur caught my eye, so I searched for its source. Two small red and green vehicles speeded close to our target zone followed by a police carâ€| wait, why a police car?

"Does a green or red small sized car ring a bell?" I asked while tracking the moving objects

"Sounds like Skids and Mudflap, those twins can be a real pain in the aftâ€|" She answered also looking at the high speed chase. She sighed "There always causing or getting into trouble somewhere around the base with their pranks. I remember one time they got into Doc Ratchet's gears, he threw them a wrench from across the runway hitting skids square in the face." She added giggling.

"Damnâ€¦ better make sure not to piss that bot offâ€¦!"

"Isn't that police car one of the autobot officers?" I asked focusing on the silver vehicle. I found it oddly familiar.

"Yup, that Prowls alt-form, and it really suits him." The femme answered. Not long after, I saw a grin drawing on her face, clearly up to no good.

"Don't do anything you might regret." I warned, I've seen that face before, It always meant trouble.

"I'm just going to have a little bit of fun." She quipped, already taking aim.

Well, I had already caused my fair share of trouble back in the UNSC when I was training, I don't regret anything I did.

"Target spotted, whenever you're ready." I voiced.

"Besides, this could even end up being fun."

* * *

><p>- Arcee's POV-<p>

It was late afternoon in Diego Garcia; it had been a long day.

But it still wasn't over.

Currently I was searching for the Spartan, Arthur. So I headed for where he would most likely be.

It's a comfortable thing that his quarters are near the autobot hangar; it doesn't even take a minute to get there at half speed in my alt-form.

But when I arrived, the place was empty; I even went around looking though some of the windows, I saw a lot of the equipment he used, but no sign of the Spartan.

Well if he isn't here, he should be somewhere close by.

"I bet Flare-up is stalking the Spartan againâ€¦ So I'll just look for her." I scanned around looking for Flare-up's spark signature. _"Aha! She's at the firing range."_

I transformed, heading towards where the signal was coming from. It didn't take long to get there.

It looked like both Arthur and my sister were on the small hill used for target practice. I made my way up there; I heard my sister's sniper discharge, and not a moment later someone started broadcasting on the com.

[Woah! What da fuck wuz dat?!] One of the twins, Skidz, yelled via com.

Another series of shots rang out.

[Slag, Slag, Slag! Dunno who it is but he's definitely into shooting the pit out of us!] The other twin, Mudflap, commented after apparently being shot at.

[Ya think we went overboard with one of our recent pranks, maybe we shouldn't have made Red-alert glitch so hardâ€¦]

[Na, that was awesome, definitely worth doing againâ€¦ Still I can't think of anyone who would do something like thisâ€¦ Ow, that hurts!]

[You dumbaft! Do you know any autobot without some sort of grudge against us?!]

[Hmm, Point takenâ€¦ Wait! Did you just call me a dumbaft!? This whole thing was your idea!]

[Frag it bro! Prowl's catching up and I don't want to get tossed into the brig again!]

[THIS IS YOUR ENTIRE FAULT!]

Shaking my head I switched off the com. Those annoying troublemakers... I felt a bit sorry for Prowl.

It didn't take more than a few seconds to get to the top.

Flare-up was still firing her weapon at the twins, with the Spartan crouched nearby aiming his sniper rifle. I also noticed the helmet next to him.

"Without his helmet he shouldn't be able to watch the suit's sensor." I smiled, closing in silently _"Let's see how the 'Spartan' likes being sneaked upon."_ I couldn't help finding this thought amusing as a smile appeared on my faceplate.

Quietly getting close to the seemingly unsuspecting warrior, I noticed how Flare-up hadn't picked up on my arrival, probably because she's way too focused on making the twin's lives miserable, a vicious grin on her faceplate as she kept shooting.

"Take that you pieces of scrap! That's for messing with my sniper last week! And this is for breaking the energon dispenser the week before! Oh, and that timeâ€¦!" she kept on as she shot each time she yelled a reason.

"There no stopping her once she gets like thisâ€¦ Those twins better pray to Primus for her not to use real ammo." The Spartan also seemed focused on the twins.

Just as I took a step, the Spartan spoke:

"Hello ma'am." He said, still looking through his scope.

I barely hid my surprise, even with all my experience as a scout, he found out without even looking â€¦

"You know I don't like being called like that." I retorted, walking towards them. "Since when did you know I was here?"

"10 seconds ago. After being shot, sniped, ambushed or thrown countless times during training you tend to always mind your surroundings." He shrugged, lowering his weapon. "Your sister on the other hand only seems to focus on her targetsâ€¦ She's also quite good with the sniper. Remind me never to get on her bad side."

Like he said, Flare-up continued to fire, oblivious of what was happening around her. "Yeah, she's always like that, she won't snap out of it until she finishes the target off or loses sight of it." I voiced, smirking.

Flare-up increased her firing frequency; it almost looked like she was firing an energon repeater. "Ahahahahaha! You think you can run away? It's a vorn too early for you to escape from my wrath!" she laughed.

"And sometimes it gets really scary." I added, my sister sometimes frightened meâ€¦

"Well, let her vent her frustration however she wants, as long as she doesn't cause too much trouble." He simply commented. "I'm pretty sure she's feeling a bit bothered after not being able to help out during the opâ€¦ I know I would feel that wayâ€¦" he then turned around, staring directly into my optics. "Wouldn't you?"

I was once again caught by surprise with that statement.

After a few seconds I sighed, pleased with his genuine concern for those who were around him, humans or otherwise.

"Yes, I would" I truthfully answered "Thank you for trying to help her." I added, smiling.

A smirk appeared on his face, he nodded.

Moments later, Flare-up stopped shooting and brought down her sniper. "That was refreshing." She voiced with a smile. Turning around she jolted in surprise after she saw me, optics wide open "Oh, Arcee! When did you get here?" she asked.

We started laughing, leaving the femme puzzled.

* * *

><p>That's it for now.

I'm going to begin working on the next chapter later today.

But sadly I can't give you an ETA, college is a B**, you never know what kind of essay or problem they can come up with for the next day...**

Any suggestion, review, question... Please Review or PM if necessary.

See you in the next Update.

Thanks for Playing.

18. All that remains

****Greetings!****

****I don't have too much free time in my hands nowadays but I still thought I should give you a small update.****

****Anyway, as usual I give my thanks to anyone who has read, reviewed, thought about, faved, followed, suggested or simply spent a second with this fic^^****

****I really regret informing that I do NOT own any rights related to Transformers or Halo.****

****Enjoy:****

*** * ***

><p>Reach.<p>

Years had passed since the end of the Human-Covenant war.

When the treaty had been signed, the UNSC focused most of its resources on rebuilding what was lost, resettling lost colonies with volunteers willing to help humanity rebuildâ€|

Reach had been one of the major challenges to overcome. Like most colonies; it had been almost completely glassed, making it impossible to sustain life on its surface. But, after undertaking an ambitious terraforming plan, with the help of the Sangheili (formerly know as 'Elites' during the war) the UNSC managed to reacclimatize the whole planet.

Now, several years later, Reach was filled with life once again. Although scars from the war still remained, a few wrecks that fell into the planet or even weapons, armor and several remains from both factions. Reminders of what had transcended on the healing planet.

Reach had also once been, and still was, the home for the Spartan program. A base was built at the exact same place where the previous one was located. This base was now the central base for the Spartan IV; where some of the volunteers from the UNSC come to enter the Spartan ranks and start the hellish training.

It was also where the Spartan IV Alpha initiative program is based. Although the war had ended, the UNSC still needed to maintain security around many colonies, fearing the surge of new insurgent groups and with minor skirmishes happening from time to time.

ONI had approved the Alpha initiative which consisted on recruiting and training Spartans at a young age. The candidates are given the choice; and most of them were orphans from the war. The goal was to create a new generation of soldiers similar to the previous generations II and III. It wasn't the same to retrain a soldier who was already an adult instead of training someone at a young age.

The results from the first graduates were already displaying an excellent performance, even by Spartan standards.

* * *

><p>A warthog drifted to halt in front of one of the base's entrance, a man jumped down from the driver's seat while the other two occupants dizzily held whatever they could grab onto.<p>

"Come on lazy slackers! Quit messing around, I haven't got all day." Voiced the man who had just exited the vehicle.

"Sorry Sergeant *urk* give a minute. Man that was some crazy ride, especially that detour, maybe this is what the ODST's feel when they drop?" complained the marine sitting shotgun.

"You kidding? I've dropped hundreds of times and I've never, EVER, felt this sickâ€¦ oh sh-*uf* where did you learn to drive sarge?" The ODST, who was manning the turret, answered.

"When I joined the corps we used to call that joy riding, you kids can't even handle this? Suck it up buffoons." the veteran answered heading towards the training fields, ignoring any other comment his recent passengers made.

"Reachâ€¦ Only a few years and so much has changed huh?" the veteran expressed in a low trance-like voice, adjusting his green marine corps cap.

He already knew where the man he was looking for was, as always he'd be observing how the training was going, he would also handle it himself sometime, making the recruits call him by the name of 'The Instructor'. So he headed that way.

"Good to see you, commander." The veteran voiced as he approached the huge man he knew he didn't need to salute.

"Likewise, Johnson." The other figure replied with his usual grave-like voice.

They both stood for a while as they watched how the recruits ran through the training course, drill instructors yelling along the way.

"Want one?" Johnson asked, pulling out another of his infamous cigars, lighting it, and then taking a drag.

"You know I don't smoke." The other figure answered, with only a small hint of amusement, unnoticeable for anyone who didn't know him.

"It's still polite to ask, something called manners, you know?" the sergeant commented, puffing some smoke out. "Anyway, how are you and the others adjusting?"

"It's not what we expected." He finally replied after a long pause.

Johnson chuckled "I'll bet, but you're doing a hell of a good job, one day you should see them in action." He added as he puffed more smoke.

Johnson sighed "I got bad news commander, He didn't arrive to the Infinity and ONI is making everything they can to keep this incident under the radar, we all know how stubborn those assholes can be..."

The other figure simply nodded.

They felt silent for a few minutes, listening to the constant yelling of the other instructors giving orders, until the veteran soldier cleared his voice.

"Good news is, I brought a souvenir I found on my way here." He said with a smile, lifting the bag he had brought with him "It was surrounded by old covie tech."

At that moment a blue figure materialized near the two men. A feminine voice spoke "As usual, you bring him nice things but you never bring me any gifts" the AI said in a mocking sad tone.

Johnson made a devilish grin but decided to save his usual comeback "I'm pretty sure you'll both like what I've brought today, Johnson-quality guaranteed" he added.

"Thanks" simply expressed the other man as he grabbed the bag, earning a nod from the veteran.

"You're welcome. Anyway I've got to go back but the brass wants me to stay here for a while, guess I'll see you around commander, and it's always a pleasure ma'am." He voiced as he left towards one of the main buildings humming whilst he smoked his cigar.

The commander sighed "Have you found anything new?"

"Only a little and nothing explicit, it's like he said: ONI's keeping this under the highest inscription channels, and even then they won't give details of what it is." The AI relayed with her face making an annoyed expression. "I couldn't find anything new regarding Blue-1 But! I do know what he was doing before disappearing. Turns out, the test run wasn't your average transport, but a charade for something else." She added.

"Oh?"

"The real reason they wanted Blue-1 to make the run was to escort some sort of object." She explained. "No idea what it was, but I took some precautions just in case something like this would happen." The AI finished with a knowing smirk. "I'll also send the rest of the squad a message later."

The commander nodded "Thanks." He then proceeded to open the bag, what he found in there left him out of breath.

"What? What is it?" inquired the impatient AI.

Without answering, the commander brought out the bag's content.

In his hand laid a dark-colored helmet; damaged in battle as shown by the countless dents, scratches along with the cracked yellow visor.

"Is itâ€|?" the AI voiced, both of them having a suspicion on who had been the owner of the helmet.

The man simply examined around the worn-out item, looking for some sort of clue to make out the user.

Using his hands to clear out the accumulated dirt, he stumbled upon the faded digits, although you could still read them clearly:

:: S-III/B-312 ::

In his hands, he probably held the only remain from one of the Humanities lost heroes.

"So it really was hisâ€|"

The man nodded "Yes."

"I already told you the story, right?" the AI voiced "he was the reason we managed to get off planetâ€| If it weren't for their sacrificeâ€|"

"We wouldn't be standing here." The commander finished in a low voice.

"I didn't even get chance to thank himâ€|" added the saddened AI.

They gave a minute of silence for the fallen hero.

"I know 'Books' would have killed to see this." The AI quipped with a sad smile, trying to lighten the mood up.

"Let's just hope he's alright." The commander answered, his voice carrying no emotion.

"Hey, we're still here after all we've been through, I'm sure he's fine wherever he's at. Have I ever been wrong?" Commented the AI, showing a broad knowing-smile.

The commander chuckled slightly and they both looked up towards the sky.

"You're probably right... Rest in peace Noble-Team."

* * *

><p>Well I thought it would be a nice touch to add a chapter like this, a pause in the main storyline and also showing other characters related to the past of the OC protagonist.

As usual I encourage you to review, suggest, comment... PM me if you have the need to as well!

I'll keep this going so I hope you'll hang around.

Hope you still enjoy the fic.

Thanks for playing.

19. Jungle bogie

****Finally, I managed to get back in the game...****

****Hello to everyone, sorry for the extremely long wait.****

****First of all, I'd like to apologize once again for the 3 month wait... I had a bit of writers block, then shit came up, after that more shit came up, then a bit more of writers block and finally College came along to screw up my schedule some more... Don't even get me started on finals...****

****To anyone who even bothered to review or PM me: You have my most sincerest apologies and my thanks, you guys really helped in getting me going again.****

****As an apology, I give you this chapter.****

****I hope you enjoy it.****

*** * ***

><p>- Arthur's POV-<p>

Bullets shot forward as I held the trigger.

Once again I found myself immersed right in the mists of the battlefield. A military base, something had happened here, most of the buildings were damaged or simply destroyed. There were also bodies on the ground; marines, rangers, ODST'sâ€| even transformersâ€| all of them had their face blurredâ€| the sky had a dark orange color and you could also see the clouds made from smoke.

How did I get here? Good question.

Why was I here? I had no answer.

But it didn't matter. Enemies were nearby, I'd think about the rest of it latter.

Reload, duck, dodge, shoot, reloadâ€| a pattern I was all too familiar with, as I kept pushing forwards against any enemy I came across.

Grunts, Prometheans, drones or brutesâ€| I kept fighting; none of them were invincible and could be defeated with the proper strategy, one by one they would fall.

For I would not relent in my advance.

A different enemy appeared, much more deadly than a drone. Soundwaveâ€|

I charged, still holding the trigger, hitting any unarmored part I saw. I kept dodging until I saw it take out the blaster, already charging.

I had always been the same; it always got up to this exact point.

And I was always too slow.

I was blinded by a bright light.

I opened my eyes again as soon as it faded. Soundwave was no longer standing in front of me. I was no longer in the human outpost. The skies had become a mixture between orange and red. I found myself inside a building with no roofâ€¦

Instead, standing right in front of me, was a huge brute holding a spiker.

Noâ€¦ it wasn't the brute's size that changedâ€¦

I had become much smaller and no longer wore the MJOLNIR armorâ€¦ I had been trappedâ€¦ trapped in my six year old selfâ€¦ laying nearby, was the body of a small girl I was all too familiar with. With spikes protruding from her back.

Rage filled my body as I stood up charging against the brute that had caused it. Not long after, I was brutally kicked against the wall.

The beast began laughing.

"Do you smell it, the smell of your fear?" it said with a guttural voice. "This is the smell of heretic flesh burning along with the delicious smell of heretic fearâ€¦ The smell of righteousness!"

It kept approaching, I tried to stand and fight back but all my strength was goneâ€¦ I couldn't even lift a finger. The monster released another guttural laugh just as it stopped right in front of me, lifting the weapon, pointing it to my chest. I was completely overwhelmed by fear.

"Savor it. Relish it! Let it be the last thing you feel when I end your pathetic existence, weakling!"

A shot rang outâ€¦

* * *

><p>I opened my eyes just as I bolted up, hand gripping my chest.<p>

It took a few seconds to figure out where I was; inside my personal quarters back at Diego Garcia, NEST HQâ€¦

"Shitâ€¦" I unconsciously grunted, I was sweating profusely and I could still feel my erratic heart rate.

My thoughts were also in complete disarray, the images still vivid.

"Dammitâ€¦ That nightmare againâ€¦" I finally said after taking a few long minutes to calm down. I quickly looked around for the time.

/3:58 AM/

"Shit." Barely 4 hours of sleep.

"That nightmare againâ€¦" I have relived the same nightmare for some time now. Although I knew it was more than just a simple nightmare.

I stood up, still a bit shaken. I knew I wouldn't be able to fall asleep again, so I decided on another thing to keep my thought occupied.

"Time for another early workoutâ€¦"

* * *

><p>-Arcee's POV-<p>

Two weeks had passed since the Decepticon attack on that base.

With no new information on the attack, things here were mostly back to normal. Or that's what I'd like to sayâ€¦

I know none of us have known the Spartan for more than a few days when the attack occurred, but ever since it happenedâ€¦ Something had changed inside Arthurâ€¦

They were subtle the first few days but then got worse, he started to show even less emotions on his face as the days passed, he also started talking even less; never starting a conversation unless necessary and only answering using the smallest amount of words, always emotionless. Then he began to take off his helmet less and less until he just wouldn't take it off anymore.

"Hey Arcee!" Chromia's voice snapped me out of my thoughts. Right, we were prepping to begin the scheduled firefight, we were waiting on the other side of the jungle field used for training exercises. "You ready?"

I ran another quick check; all green. "Ohâ€¦ yes, I'm ready."

Chromia smiled, looking eager to begin "And with the training ammo Wheeljack made, I don't have to hold back anymore!"

I sighed, even though Chromia is normally the mature one amongst my sisters, when she gets overly excited when a battle is about to go offâ€¦ Almost as much of a battle rush as Ironhideâ€¦

"Keep your optics open; remember that this time the fleshies have new toys." Ironhide chastised "And also keep in mind, the jungle can be a tight fit for us and a perfect place for an ambush." Just like he said, Wheeljack had finally begun to make a few prototype weapons replicating most of the Spartans arsenal. Although the Spartan said he still had a lot more of them, when Wheeljack gets his mind into something there is no stopping himâ€¦

Not long after, it was decided that we would use one of the scheduled drills to test the new weapons. Today's combat exercise would consist

in a skirmish between the autobots and the humans in the jungle scenario. The rules were simple: take out the opposing team or team leader. Do to the cramped space between the vegetation; most of the autobots held a small disadvantage in this combat zone because of our size and the tight trails we could find between the tropical flora: A perfect place for an ambush.

They wanted to see how the new weapons could affect the human's performance in the field, without autobot help.

"Alright bots, get ready. Five minutes until we start." Voiced the weapons specialist, cannons already spinning.

I took the chance to check my surroundings one last time. This time, the autobot team consisted on six bots: Sideswipe, Mirage, my sisters and Ironhide as the leader.

The human team was formed by several squads, led by both Major Lennox and Sgt. Epps.

[Alright folks, begin the training exercise] came general Morshower's voice from the comm. He would watch the match from the observation post. He wanted to personally asses how the new weapons could affect NEST's performance. Wheeljack was also observing the match, wanting to know if his inventions worked adequately on the field. Ratchet and a small medical team were also on standby in case an accident would occur.

Just as the team got the green light, we ran for cover inside the jungle.

Ironhide had no need to give orders; everyone already knew what to do after the countless drills.

Mirage, Chromia and I went forward; since Mirage could basically turn invisible and my sister and I were smaller than the rest of the bots. We scouted ahead.

[Clear] I reported in our team comm after scanning the area a bit, although the heavy foliage made things a bit harder.

[Nothing on my end] My sister added.

[No contact] Mirage simply sent.

[Affirmative, keep your optics online and watch out for any sign of an ambushâ€¦] Especially look out for him.] The weapons specialist further added and we all knew who he was referring to.

The Spartan, Arthur, had joined the training drills a few days after the attack. It didn't take long for him to adapt, he said they were similar to the war games back in his dimension.

And Primus knows how that drill wentâ€¦| Not an hour into the match, we were on going defensive while the humans took the offence on our position. Which would normally have been the other way around. It didn't take him more than a few minutes to figure out our weaknesses, even managing to find out where Mirage, who had been concealed the whole match, was most of the time.

The allowed time went by and it was declared a draw. Although it certainly didn't feel like it, neither did it for Ironhide, who at the time had observed.

Most of us, if not all of the autobots, had come to realize and respect the combat capabilities of the humans after countless battles, but we also realized that we had unconsciously underestimated their capabilities when fighting against them. The sudden change in tactics had undoubtedly caught us by surprise.

[Hey Arcee, you there?] Chromia sent on a private channel, snapping me out of my trance.

[Ahâ€¦ Yeah, sorry. Just thinking about stuffâ€¦] I answered, shaking away any foreign thoughts. I need to focus on my surroundings.

She chuckled [Better watch out for Ironhide, if he finds out you've been distracted you'll be volunteered for his special training.]

I grimaced at the use of the words 'Ironhide' 'special' and 'training' in the same sentence. [He's still mad about what happened a few days ago?] I sent back.

[Oh you have no idea.] Was her answer, I could clearly picture her with a huge grin plastered on her faceplate. [Let's just say he's still piss about being tricked into falling in a pit.] I immediately grinned remembering the scene.

[I've got movement] Mirage's voice announced over the team channel, sending data about the whereabouts of the humans. [Small squads, probably scouting ahead.]

[I've got my optics on another squad; Epps is with them.] Chromia added [No sign of the Captain or the Spartan.]

[Don't get too close; remember that Wheeljack added energon detectors in the fleshies weapons.] Ironhide cautioned.

Everyone acknowledged, and began to discuss about what sort of strategy we would use against them.

Two weeks ago, we wouldn't have needed to plan our moves this much unless we were going against someone like Prowl, Optimusâ€¦ or wrench tossing Ratchetâ€¦ But ever since the Spartan joined the team we've been forced to fight for every step of the way. Not that I'm underestimating the rest of the team; we all know that NEST is mostly composed by experienced soldiers from many different special operation or black op. teams all around this planet. It's probably this experience combined with the previous experience Major Lennox and Sgt. Epps had that allowed them to effectively use these 'out of the box tactics' , as the Major had described one time, without too much difficulty.

An almost unnoticeable glimmer caught my attention-

"Bingo."

I instantly sprayed a few shots in that direction, while most of the shot didn't hit, I saw movement. Not 2 seconds later I was being shot back.

[Arcee here, I've found the Spartan. Engaging him now.] I reported over team comm.

It was a good sign, most of the problems we had while planning consisted in not knowing where the enemy was.

[Good, I'm on my way with Sideswipe. Chromia, circle around and try to stall any other squads trying to reinforce his position. Mirage, I need you to go find where the Major is, but be careful, this could also be a trap. Flare-up, get yourself in a good position to support.] Ironhide ordered, if we could take out the Spartan, the match would be considerably easier.

The Spartan kept his cloaking device on, although being a scout myself; I wouldn't let him get away that easily. I focused most of my sensor in the area where I was pursuing the camouflaged super-soldier through the jungle, between the motion caused when he moved and the slight visual distortion seen from time to time; I was able to know where he was.

Realizing he couldn't get away from me he dropped the cloak and began fighting back, aggressively.

His movements resembled that of a mindless machine, only making the necessary moves to carry out the objective, something like a battle trance. It reminded me of a few of the autobots I fought with back on cybertronâ€| No emotion, just shoot or have your spark extinguishedâ€| I really felt deeply concerned with his state.

A short while after we still kept on with our little skirmish both of us had taken a few hits. He was fast but I wasn't one of the nimblest autobots for nothing. I also knew Sideswipe was about to arrive.

[Careful, a couple of squads are on their way and I've got my hands full over here.] Chormia alerted

[Must be reinforcementsâ€|Flare-up, go help Chromia.] Ironhide immediately ordered.

[On it.] My sister answered.

5 seconds later there was a silver blur on my right. At that moment a blade cut just where the Spartan had been only moments ago.

"Mind if I _cut _in?" came a cheeky voice we all knew too well: Sideswipe.

I took cover behind some of the overgrown vegetation, still firing with my blaster at the Spartan's position.

"Took you long enough." I chastised while blind firing a bit.

"What? Fleshie 2.0 giving you hard time?" He retorted taking cover behind another tree.

I rolled my optics at the statement "So that's what you're calling him now? Did he even agree to it?"

Without giving me an answer, Sideswipe looked over his cover "Hey! Mind if I call you fleshie 2.0?" he then yelled, and no more than a second later he ducked; barely dodging the Spartans shots.

"See? He doesn't mind at all." He then added with a smirk on his face.

"He just tried to shoot you." I deadpanned as I was trying to flank the Spartan.

"He didn't say no." the mech smugly added, charging against his position.

For a few minutes we went on the offensive, forcing the Spartan to give ground as he fell back, though not without giving us hell. Shortly after, the other squads arrived to provide him support. Epps was there too, barking orders to the rest of the squad as they held their ground.

I still managed to hit a handful of them, carefully aiming where I wouldn't cause any permanent harm, still focused on defeating the Spartan while Sideswipe dealt with the others.

When I finally caught him, most of my left arm had been disabled I my sensors also told me his shield was almost out and he also had to reload, I aimed my blaster "I win." I voiced.

"Think again." Someone said behind me.

Turning around, I saw Major Lennox along with a couple of men aiming towards me. They probably had been hidden, waiting here the whole time to spring the trap. One I obliviously fell into

I smirked "But it's not like we hadn't suspected something like this could happen". I heard the sound of a cannon firing.

Right then I saw as the Spartan realized what was going on, in a blur he ran, putting himself between Lennox and Flare-up's beam. The hit took out his remaining shield before it had time to recharge. If it hadn't been training I shook my head; I'd have to talk to him about this sometime.

[Time's up people, it's a draw.] Morshower relayed via comm. [Nicely done.]

Lennox and I approached the Spartan.

"You alright?" the major asked.

"I'm fine, sir." Arthur answered, with the same grave and emotionless voice I've heard for the last two weeks. Lennox simply nodded, unconvinced, but let it go for now.

"Fine? If this were real you probably wouldn't be standing right now!" I voiced, concerned with his recklessness. "Why would you even think of doing something like that?"

"I only did what I was trained for, ma'am. Sorry for causing concern." He emotionlessly added.

He then began walking back towards the outpost. It worried me, the more time passed, the more he became an emotionless soldier, the less alive he appeared.

"I need to find a way to stop this."

* * *

><p>That's it for now, I'm already working on the next one.

I'm not sure how long I'll take as I'm going on a trip in a less than a week but I promise it won't be as long.

Suggestions, comments, candy... Review or PM me if needed.

Thank's for playing and Once again I apologize.

20. Overtime

Happy new year readers, I'm sorry to say I'm not back to 100% but I'm getting there, slowly.

A lot of things happened, I won't go into details but I'll stick to my promise: I won't abandon this fic.

**Transformer or Halo are property of their owners (Which isn't me, sadly T.T). **

On with the chapter then!

* * *

><p>-Arcee POV-<p>

The sun was about to set in Diego Garcia, when most of the members of the ground team had been called to the Command center. It looked like they had finally found something about the attack two weeks before.

It didn't take me long to get there.

I was one of the few bots to arrive early it seemed. When I entered the room I saw both Morshower and Optimus in the middle of a vid-com.

I went towards where the rest of the members were, who at the moment account for: Jazz, Prowl, Ironhide, Lennox, Epps and the Spartan. Jazz was the first to notice my arrival.

"Yo Arcee!" He cheerfully voiced grabbing everyone's attention.

"Hey Jazz" I answered, smiling lightly "Did we finally find something?"

"It seems to be the case, although we'll have to wait for more information." Prowler added. He always looked like he was in the middle of processing something.

"What he said." Jazz nodded, earning a displeased grunt from the logical bot "The big boss and the old man are still getting the details, they'll probably tell us when their finished." He finished. Believe it or not, Jazz was the one who started using Morshower's current callsign (Grandpa), much to the latter's annoyanceâ€|

"Whatever it is, I just hope we get to kick some ass _Pronto_. Even I can get bored with drills." The human sergeant added as he leaned against a hand rail, arms crossed.

Lennox shook his head at the comment.

5 minutes later everyone finally arrived, now we only had to wait for the call to endâ€|

-Arthur POVâ€"

Both the General and Prime had just ended their vid-com.

Whom exactly where they talking to? I had no clue, but if it meant they would finally get an assignment I won't care. I can't remember the last time I've spent this long without a mission of any sort; it made me feel out of my element.

Marines sometimes say that Spartans don't know the meaning of R&R. We do know the meaning, we just don't know how to...

"Ladies, gents and bots. Can I have your attention please?" the General bellowed, effectively cutting off any distraction. "We don't have too much time so I'll just get to the point. Againâ€|" he sighed "I got good news and bad news." He then approached the console of the central table, after entering a few commands; an image of what I could assume was a geographic location popped up.

"What you're seeing is a mediums sized industrial complex, north-eastern part of Colombia, near the Venezuelan border. Officially it's owned by a metal working company, Unofficially it's a grand scale drug and weapon operation. All of it under the control of this man." Another imaged appeared showing a low quality scene of a bald man wearing sunglasses that had just gone out of a building. "Our target, _SeÃ±or _SÃ¡nchez; Narco, gun dealer, private armyâ€| you name it, this guy holds a lot of influence in the black market. He also has some major pull on some government officials from many countries in South America. Both US and UK NEST highcom suspect this guy is somehow related to the attack on the American base two weeks back. The British government also thinks this man is also supplying several terrorist cells around England. In other words let's just say both the Pentagon and Northwood want to have a word with Mr. SÃ¡nchez." The man added.

"Tell us the good news already; when do we leave?" Epps inquired. Most of the present looked like they felt the same way, now that we had a target.

Morshower sighed "That ****was**** the good news." He typed the console; the image from the complex moved a bit north. "The bad news is we aren't the ones running the op, the Pentagon is." This comment elicited multiple groans from almost everyone "And I'm sorry to say,

the Pentagon doesn't want autobot assistance in the operation."

"So what? We just wait here spinning our cannons?" the weapons specialist growled, he did not look pleased. Many autobots shared the same view.

"Settle down Ironhide, let the General finish." Prime's strong baritone voice ordered the upset black bot.

With a nod, Morshower continued "Thankfully, Highcom was able to twist a few arms, allowing to deploy a couple of autobots to protect the LZ. The exact number is still up for debate."

"I assume we're going to extract the target?" I immediately inquired. Catching almost everyone in the room by surprise, in the last week I probably only spoke a handful of times.

Morshower nodded "In the essence, but it's not going to be that easy." The image had finally stopped showing a medium-sized airfield with several structures placed next to the only runway. "About 30 clicks north there's an airfield, an old outpost built by the Colombian military but abandoned almost a decade ago. A faction of rebel militia took over the place and Mr. S  nchez is using it to move his goods in or out of the country, in exchange for supplying the faction's movements."

"Unless we know exactly where S  nchez is, we'd have to hit both locations at the same time  " Lennox declared as he examined the images "We don't have the manpower to simultaneously cover that much ground  "

Technically that isn't true; I could certainly take care of the airfield on my own. Wouldn't be the first time I've been tasked to infiltrate or clear out an insurgent outpost by myself.

As I thought this, Morshower spoke up "Not enough to cover both, but we won't need to either. As I said before; others are running the show, which also means they'll bring their own guns to the fight. Although we're still planning the final details on the logistics, I'm almost sure **none of them** will have any sort of clearance for any undisclosed information. I would feel extremely pleased if in the next few days I didn't get another angry liason demanding an explanation on yet another possible security breach, and I don't feel like explaining another 'Moscow incident'." He gave everyone around a crippling look. **"Am I clear?"**

"Crystal, Sir!" the reply from all the soldiers was almost instantaneous.

I then heard Epps whisper to the Major "I told you bringing the twins to Russia wouldn't end well."

"How the hell was I supposed to know they would use one of the Kremlin's walls as a canvas?" Lennox whispered back.

"What makes you think this isn't a 'con setup?" Sideswipe quipped, leaning against one of the platforms.

"Because both the USDD and CIA suspect he could do something to do with the attack on the base, making that risk the only reason we're even

allowed to get involved in this operationâ€¦ Although both Optimus and I think it's unlikely." The General explained with Optimus nodding in approval.

"Indeed, but it would be best to exercise cautious. We never know what our enemy could be planningâ€¦" added the blue giant.

"Typical, they think we're not good enough for these kinds of ops but as soon as they find something that smells like a Decepticon they come running, begging us to handle itâ€¦" Lennox said as he sighed.

"Who gets to go?" Arcee inquired.

"Unknown, we were only informed about the situation a few minutes before we sent the callâ€¦ Hell, I still need to get a hold on our means of transportâ€¦" Morshower sighed massaging his temples. "We'll probably need several hours to get things readyâ€¦ In the meantime, all of you get some rest until 6:00 hours. Dismissed!"

I quietly sighed, even if without being directly involved with this government; I've learned a few things from my past experiences with ONI: what appeared as a simple extraction in enemy territory is almost certainly a cover for something elseâ€¦ And if ONI operations have taught me anything: It's never goodâ€¦

Considering I'd probably be knee-deep in jungle territory several hours from now, better find out all I can about the situation, hopefully along with some clues on the true nature of the plan.

Sleep can wait until this is all over.

-Arcee POV-

/NEST base, Diego Garcia. 4:30 AM /

Almost everyone who'd been called left as soon as we were dismissed; Lennox and a few of the officers stayed for a few hours, but left afterwards to get ready. All of them got some sort of restâ€¦ except for the Spartan.

As soon as the meeting was over, he began roaming around the command center, looking for anything he could get his hands on about the operation, our target, the rebel militia, mapsâ€¦ It didn't matter as long as it was remotely related.

About two hours ago I left the CR to get some energon for when I got selected to go on the mission.

While walking back to the command center, I overheard the General; he also left some time ago to arrange all the paperwork for the mission. Had he already gotten everything ready?

"You should go get some rest Spartan." I paused just outside the entrance, using my audio receptors to better hear the conversation.

"I have other priorities to consider, sir." I heard the clear reply from the Spartan, for the first time in weeks, without any

interferenceâ€¦ He had taken his helmet off.

Yet, for some reason, his voice felt even colderâ€¦

I heard the General sigh "If I didn't know better I'd take that as another way to say 'I'll sleep when I'm dead.'â€¦ I sometimes wonder if you're some sort of humanized Prowlâ€¦"

I stifled a chuckle, now that he mentioned it he did act a bit like Prowl.

"But even Prowl needs to rest, or do super soldiers don't need sleep where you come from?" Morshower chuckled.

"Just being honest, sir." The Spartan curtly answered, clearly focused on something else.

The General sighed "Like I said, just like Prowlâ€¦"

Chromia would have roared with laughter right about now.

With nothing better to do for now, I leaned against the wall next to the entrance.

"Spartan, There's something I've had on my mind for some time now." The general spoke a few minutes later.

"Sir?"

"Spartans don't die, they only go missing.' I've heard some of the men talking about it a week back at the mess hallâ€¦"

"A directive ONI established during the late Human-Covenant war, after the Spartan project had gone public, so to speak." Arthur immediately voiced.

"ONI directive? Isn't that the intelligence agency from your place?" Morshower added, puzzled.

"I'm sure you already been told, but by then the UNSC had been fighting in a losing war for years against the Covenant; we only managed to keep in the fight by pure attrition. We were losing almost every battle groundwise and in space; the few battles we won were by outgunning them almost 5 to 1 with sheer numbers. We, with everything we could get our hands on, fought for every system, planet, continent, city, street, building or inch we had. But in the end, we still lost our worlds one at the time." The Spartan continued as if this were only a mere distraction.

I found it weird, news travel fast around the base and almost everyone knew more less the story of the Spartans events. Why would he go over something most of us already knew?

"That's when the Spartan project started?" Morshower questioned, although I knew he knew about it after being told by Optimus.

"Yes and no." the Spartan sighed "In an attempt to rise the troops moral, ONI revealed the existence of a special unit: 'The Spartan Project'. Spartans soon became a beacon of hope 'Defenders of humanity', no matter where, no matter the odds, nor the missionâ€¦

Spartans would always get it done and win, as they were the greatest soldiers. In an attempt to keep up the illusion, no Spartan would ever be designated KIA. Did that answer your question, Sir?"

Morshower kept quiet for a few seconds, as if he were contemplating on what had just been said. "I guess it does, but it also leaves me with more questions."

Don't push it Morshower! He's already said more than in the last two weeks.

"What exactly ****is**** the 'Spartan Project'?"

Slag it Morshower!

I decided to walk in; I would surely be interrupting the conversation, but scrap if I would just stand by and let the Spartan close up again.

Just as I entered I heard a slight hiss, the Spartan had just put one his helmet once again.

"Apologies, Sir: That will have to wait for another time. I still need to get my gear ready before the briefing." He then stated, speaking through the speakers once more.

"5:10, it's this late already?" the General said as he checked his watch. "Oh, Arcee, you're a bit early. Seriously, I sometimes wonder why I even bother giving ordersâ€|"

"I can recharge on the way, nothing else to do in the tight space of a plane, speaking of which; you've been active all night also." I retorted with a smile.

"Someone has to keep an eye on all of you, especially when nobody listens. All of you tend to behave like children as soon as I take my eye on the lot, specially the twins."

I'm almost certain we weren't all that badâ€| Wellâ€| not counting Skids and Mudflap. If the twins gave him a hard time, wait until we get the other set togetherâ€| I almost shivered at the thought.

Wait, where is the Spartan?

I looked around, only to find that he had vanished in the middle of our brief chat.

"Scrapâ€|" I cursed silently.

-Arthur POVâ€"

/6:02 AM/

All who had been chosen to take part on the mission had arrived and were waiting for the briefing.

15 NEST soldiers were now in the command center, including: Major Lennox, Sgt. Epps, Lieutenant Graham (A British officer who arrived a

week ago after being called back to England for debriefing.) among othersâ€|

All of them had switched out any UNSC weaponry for this mission, most likely following the Generals request, and had outfitted most of their weapons with silencers, infrared lasers, scopes and other appropriate hardware for the mission.

For this mission I picked a SMG and a M6K, both outfitted with a scope and suppressors, along with the M5AE assault rifle as a backup in case things got loud. Also carrying enough ammo for a really long firefight, an old habit of mine since you never know when you'll need itâ€|

Optimus had chosen Ironhide, Ratchet, the infiltrator Mirage and Arcee to aid us after having a "talk" with the NEST officials, persuading them to allow at least four autobots to be on standby in case of this being another ambush. Right now he was briefing the four of them a few meters away.

Morshower caught my attention when he began.

"Listen up!" he barked "8 hours ago, the Colombian military made their move with the intent of taking the industrial complex. CIA confirms that our target has moved to the airfield, using it as his glorified personal fort, placing the rebels and his weapons between him and the armyâ€| Mr. Sanchez's in for one nasty surprise."

After tapping a few keys, two maps popped up: one of the complex and of the airfield.

Although this time they had several marks on the map, detailing entry points, possible LZ's, high value targets and highlighted structures.

"Remember the main objectives: Locate and extract the target, use force if necessary but you must bring him back ALIVE. We can't get the information we need if he comes back in a body bag. As I said before, we won't be alone this time: a Delta force, SEAL and SAS squads will come with us for the ride."

If I recall correctly, they were a special ops branch from the United States army, navy and the British army respectivelyâ€| the amount of people for just a single insurgent base felt weirdâ€| Back in the UNSC they'd only need to send a ODSF squad, sometimes even one or two Spartans, to get the job doneâ€| That is, if they didn't just call in an airstrike or obliterated the base from orbit after the package was extractedâ€|

Focus on the mission, and only on the mission.

It would be just like any other operation: Get in, get it done, and get out.

"Further information on the operation will be given to you by the CIA Special Activities Division Agent coordinating this whole mess upon arrival. Pilot has order to get the C-17 airborne in 30 minutes."

Optimus had apparently ended his briefing, as he approached the

central stand. "Everyone, be on your guard, an enemy caught by surprise will sometimes react unexpectedly."

"Sir, yes sir!" we voiced all at once, I guess some things don't change in hundreds of years.

"Autobots, Roll out!"

* * *

><p>Sorry for the short chapter, but I had to cut the chapter here before the next part to give you a over dew update.

To those who have sticked with me, reviewed or supported in any way: You have my apologies and my sincerest thanks.

Thanks for playing.

21. Silence please

Sorry for the Wait.

I Thank all of you who reviewed, you helped me keep going even in the few spare moments I had recently.

A lot has been going on recently, I'm sorry but I can't explain more.

Also this chapter just wouldn't come out right. I've probably rewrote it a docen times...

But enough of that.

I hope you enjoy.

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

0200 local time, Militia controlled airfield outer perimeter.

[Victor-6, in position.] I relayed on team-com, hiding near the rusty fence around the base perimeter.

[Copy Victor-6, we're almost there. Any sign of trouble?] Lennox (Current callsign 'Victor-1') whispered moments later.

[Negative.] Of course, even if there was, they wouldn't even be able to do anything.

[_Da_, pussies don't know how to even patrol their own base, like asking for a bullet in their heads.] Victor-5, Abram Petrov, former Spetsnaz sniper, currently covering our assigned entry point.

[Comm protocols Victor-5, this is a Military operation.] Victor-1 deadpanned as he and the remaining three of the six man squad reached my position.

[I was jokingâ€¦| Americans have no sense of humor.]

[Victor Squad in position. How copy?] Lennox reported on the main channel, ignoring the comment.

[Echo Squad in position. How copy, Control?] Added the SEAL team leader, callsign 'Stingray'.

[Control copies all. Be advised; Operation begins in 5, over.] The CIA agent James White, who held all authority in the Operation broadcasted.

6 hours ago.

"Grab your gear! Move, move, move people!" Lennox roared when the ramp began to lower.

We all began to move as drilled for countless times, picking up our gear and helping to unclasp the gear used to secure the Autobots while in flight.

"Vehicle 3, green." I voiced when I took off the final harness, grabbing Arcee's handle bar and rolling her down the ramp.

"Vehicle 2, on the move." Lieutenant Graham yelled as he climbed onto Ratchet, posing as the driven when the rescue vehicle backed up.

"Vehicle 1, rolling out." Epps called as he got onto Ironhide for the same reason.

As I pushed the bot down ramp, I found Lennox already involved in an argument with another man, although his hair was completely white, he appeared to be around 25-30 years old, the suit and his stance clearly identified him as an intelligence spook, never a good sign.

Curious, I listened in on the conversation.

"-you people are the reason we had to delay the whole thing 12 hours. 12 hours! I don't care who you answer to or why you're here!" he voiced in a cold neutral voice. "Here, you listen to me: I say jump, you jump. I have no need for flight risks, do you understand?"

It seemed I caught his eye as he turned to face me, raised eyebrows in disbelief and arms crossed "I see you brought a robot? Am I also to expect otherâ€¦| 'Assets'?" The way his unsettling blue eyes rapidly shot to the bike in my hands and the unloading autobots conveyed exactly what he meant. Adrenaline shot through my veins as I clenched my fists; he knew.

This man is dangerous.

Anything that puts the mission at risk had to be dealt with.

My apparent intent didn't go as unseen as I had suspected, the Major made a sharp motion _Stand down._

I nodded just enough for him to acknowledge, orders must be obeyed.

The man, who I would later find out to be called James White, also seemed to notice the exchange, a glint of amusement in his eyes.

* * *

><p>-Arcee's POV-<p>

I stood there in silence, still trying to process what could have happened mere moments ago.

The sheer killing intentâ€|

Had Lennox not reacted in time, the Spartanâ€|

I stop that line of thought, feeling uneasiness fill my body as I watch both the Major and the other man walk away.

The Spartan on the other hand returned to the plane, helping the rest bring all the supplies down. He quickly goes through the different bags and containers, strapping ammunition, explosives and the sort on his armor or bags he would carry himself. Eye's always on the suited man.

Ironhide and Epps were at it again, Graham coordinated the troops and Mirage had gone on recon, cloaked, following the Weapon's specialists orders before we lowered the ramp, in search of any undesirable surprises.

[I'm not certain that human appreciates how lucky he is to still be alive.] Ratchet sent via private com.

[Which one?] I shot back with a tinge of mirth; for obvious reasons, an unspoken rule had gone around for both humans and bots at base: Beware of the Hatchet.

[Particularly, the one without a performance-enhancing armor, Biological augmentations, shields, inclined in inflicting severe blunt force traumaâ€|] He began listing in a mocking tone.

[Alright, alright! I get it!] I snapped, cutting him off, annoyed with my own remark backfiring.

Ratchet soon after streamed a few data packages; it took a moment to figure out what exactly was in them.

Being the medic, Ratchet always monitored the life signatures of the team, both autobots and humans. All N.E.S.T. operatives wore a small device that would check and send data such as their heart-rate and other vital signs, making it easier for the medic (autobot or human) to initiate any required treatment.

It somehow also worked as a lie detector for the medic, when I queried him; he had just uninterestedly shoved it as an 'unintentional coincidence'. Epps immediately called that out as bullshit.

The data turned out to be several charts: Heart-rate, blood pressureâ€| even brain activity by the looks of itâ€| All of it tagged from theâ€| Spartan?

For what I could deduce, it showed him being both alert and calm.

[What's all this about?] I queried, not understanding his aim.

[These are the current scans from his armor sensors, which are similar to the readings given while training. But look at the readings from a few minutes ago.] As he said this, I received another data package.

Immediately revealing its content, I stumbled upon even more charts. Although, if the Spartan had been extremely cool in the last chart... Let's just say some medics would have begun revival protocols, if not for the exceedingly vigorous brain activity.

[For some reason, the Spartans biological alterations give him the ability to unconsciously slow his time perception in a way that allows him to make incredibly complex decisions, taking into account the countless necessary factors, almost instantaneously. Sometimes I wonder if they made him into an organic super-computer.] Mussed the medic. [Objectively speaking, I'm not sure if to be impressed with such knowledge or enraged with the obvious lack of consideration for fellow sentient beings.]

[And unprofessionally?] I sent, genuinely curious.

[I would teach the ones responsible that no-one has the right to play in certain ways with other beings.] He answered darkly, in a way I'm positive would even give Optimus a pause. [On the other hand, I'm genuinely surprised how quickly Major Lennox was able to deflate the situation, had he been even a second slowerâ€¦ Well someone would have visited the local doctor.]

I agreed, having witnessed some degree of Arthur's capabilitiesâ€¦

* * *

><p>-Arthur's POV-<p>

285 seconds, 15 to go.

Waiting, absentmindedly checking the magazine currently loaded into the SMG before sliding it with the satisfying click for the tenth time since we were in position, monitoring the closest watch-tower.

The rest of the team, rechecked, reloaded and repositioned; restless.

[Control to all call signs. Remember: Get in, find the target, and get out ASAP, you are to grab anything that is, looks, tastes or smells like intel. Lethal force is authorized, but if you so much as screw it: I will personally end your career.] The agent stated: both reminder and warning.

I didn't like the man, almost an uncanny resemblance to the most obscure ONI members I've ever encountered.

Not so long ago, I'd been leading my squad on a similar situation.

But now was not the time to question the COD.

The Major, with only a few quick hand signs, gave the orders we needed: **'Move in, quick and quiet, fire only when absolutely necessary.'**

'***Affirmative'** I immediately signaled. Ready to sprint towards the closest cover, in this case a small, barely lighted, sized building near the edge of the base.

[Victor 5, if the guard on the tower so much as twitches our way: drop him, quietly] He whispered for the team.

[As you wish.] Answered the sniper.

[Begin Operation.] Finally came the awaited signal, we all sprang into motion.

As soon as we got to cover, I switched to thermals, scanning the interior. Two heat signatures, sitting completely unaware of what was lurking just outside.

[Two targets inside.] I quickly sent [Sir?]

[Take them out.] He ordered after a break. The others secured our surroundings, watching for any incoming annoyance.

He regretted the need to do it, but as the one in command, he couldn't and would not risk the mission.

[Yes sir.] I curtly sent, already nearing the structure entrance quietly with an unnerving tenacity.

This is what we have been trained for, and while many would consider us heroes; Spartans were nothing more than soldiers.

Lethal, armored killing machines who got the job done no matter the odds. At any cost. No room for doubts or hesitations.

I silently entered the construction, SMG and combat knife in hand.

For the two unlucky souls within that room, they may as well been visited by the devil himself.

[Hostiles neutralized.]

-Major Lennox-

How long had it been since NEST got involved in a covert op.?

[Clear! The targets not here.] Victor 4: Brian, a young explosives expert who had joined NEST only a few months ago, stated as he left one of the hangars we had been searching. Meanwhile the rest of us had cleared out the area.

[Move on to the next objective.] I declared, signaling the rest of the team. Another bust. We had already searched half of our assigned structures.

The squad moved, intent on finding the target: The bastard known as 'Mr. Sanchez'. If he had something to do with the Decepticonsâ€¦

Sometimes I wonder why Optimus still puts up with humanity, no matter how much the Autobots helped, the world leaders still asked for more. It makes me sick. But without their help, we would be pretty much royally screwed with the Decepticons. Not even we could go against the army we defeated alone.

We had been working with the bots back to back for so long it felt weird not having them nearby. Although Epps, Ironhide and some of more experienced veterans were only 10 minutes away in case an undesirable decided to make an appearance.

Focus. I chastised my inner thoughts, now was not the time to be distracted, especially right in the middle of the enemy territory.

[Three man patrol coming your way.] Victor 5 informed.

I quickly raised my hand, halting the squad. Wait where was the Spartan?

Once again he had vanished, thankfully he always asked for confirmation before doing anything. Although this was supposed to be team work; running ahead was not the way to go.

No matter how efficient his methods were.

[Engaging hostiles.] Victor 6 declared soon after, just as we prepared to take them out as soon as they got around our corner. Followed by a thump.

Shit.

"Go! Go! Go!" I whispered, turning around the corner.

I barely caught a blur of movement before finding the Spartan quickly taking hold of the three bodies, dragging them away from sight. Two of them had their necks twisted in an impossible way, the last one had a couple of holes both in his head and torso. No hesitation.

Without making so much as a whisper.

I take it back.

[Clear.]

The Spartan wasn't just proficient, he was brutally efficient.

What kind of people were they fighting in his universe?

[Form up, lets get to the next hanger. Victor 2 takes point, Victor 6 has our rear.] I sent, after the Spartan came back presumably from

hiding the bodies.

[Oh-rah.] Diego cheered, assault rifle pointing forward.

[Acknowledged.] The neutral reply from the armored soldier who was already taking up the rear.

"Clear!" I whispered after taking out the last of the distracted guards inside the hangar.

The arms dealer somehow had access to really high grade hardware; we've found all kinds of arms and munitions, armored vehiclesâ€¦ Hell, in there's even a Mil Mi-24 gunship sitting right in the middle of the goddamn tarmac.

Problem is: time's running short and we've probably taken out more than a dozen people just on our side by now. No sign of the target.

"Victor 4, you're on demolition duty, I want that chopper and everything else ready to be scrapped. Victor-2 you're going to cover the entrance. Everyone else, search around and grab anything that looks appealing." I ordered as I switched my rifles mag.

We had to pick up the pace; hell might go off any moment now.

The Spartan quickly mover around the many containers in the bay, expertly grabbing what I assumed where the manifests and a laptop, shoving all of it in one of the bags he capably handledâ€¦ wait, where did he find the laptop?

[Victor-1 to Control. We need a sitrep on Black squad, over.] Probably a good idea to find out how the rest were doing.

[Control to Victor-1, Black squad is still searching for the target. Have you found anything on your end?]

[High tech Military hardware, still looking for-]

[Runner Lead to Control.] Graham, who was in charge of the extraction for this half of the operation, cut me off.

[Copy Runner, Speak.]

[Interrogative: Do we have any drones in the air?]

[Negative Runner, there are no drones in the AO.]

[We've briefly caught sight of a drone near our position, please confirm last transmission, Control.] Graham said once again.

[Confirmed: We have no drone in the AO, Runner. If there is one, it's not ours.]

We've got a situation.

Quickly switching to one of NEST's private frequencies, I jammed the send button. [Lennox to Graham, how long since you spotted

it?]

[Barely 3 minutes ago, Mirage found it circling around in high altitude.] Came the reply seconds later.

The Spartan approached the entrance, seemingly also searching for the problem.

[Is it a drone or a 'con?] I sent right after.

[Unknown, Mirage says he doesn't seem so, but can't tell for sure.] The British man answered.

[Tell 'hide to have HQ run an E-scan with Eagle-eye if they can. If it's a 'con I want to know ASAP.] The bots were off the grid, in case the channel had been compromised.

Two situations could happen, neither of them good.

If it ain't a 'con, we'd run the risk of being spotted and having the whole base go off.

If it was a Decepticonâ€¦ Well, Victor-4 carried SABOT rounds just in case, but stillâ€¦

The Spartan tapped my shoulder, and then pointed where his ear would be.

I switched back to the general channel.

[- all callsigns, I repeat: you have permission to go loud. Don't let the target escape. I'll take care of the drone.]

Not ten seconds later, an explosion on the opposite side of the base shook the groundâ€¦ The SEALs sure don't hold back anything do they?

"Shit! Brian! What's taking!?" I roared back.

"Almost got it!" he quickly yelled, fumbling with the last charge.

[Victor-5 to Victor-1, explosion shook the nest, suggest you get moving.] Our sniper relayed in his heavy accent.

"Sir." the Spartan voiced, getting my attention. "Permission to move ahead."

Quickly running over the fact it would only take a few minutes tops to get moving, but by then we could possibly lose the only opportunity of getting any kind of information of the Decepticons, I nodded.

The next thing I knew, the Spartan was gone.

A chill ran down my spine.

What have I unleashed?

-Arthur's POV-

Bullets zipped everywhere; the few that hit made my shields flicker.

[â€¦-don't know how many there are, but big guy is just chilling -â€¦-like walking tank going on a stroll-â€¦- poor bastards.] I didn't pay attention to the talkative sniper. I had to keep moving.

I ran as fast as my enhanced muscles carried me.

[â€¦-charges are set-â€¦- our way-â€¦]

Assault rifle barking, the feeling of the familiar recoil hitting my shoulder.

Any hostile who so much as raised his head was as good as dead.

The last structure was barely 91.17 meters away.

I immediately took cover behind a transport truck just as my shields dropped under 15%, swapping the weapon's magazine in less than a second. Ignoring the yells, screams or the sound of countless bullets spraying against my cover. The shield bar already filling up.

[Oi, big guy. Watch out for the ones with the RPG, explosions can be painful yes?]

Rocket Propelled Grenade launchers.

Surface-to-surface rockets, a type of deadly munitions used for several purposes, such as anti-infantry or anti-armor depending on the design. The resulting explosion would also damage anything near the point of impact.

But rockets also had flaws: Excluding certain launchers equipped with the required targeting modules, most rockets could only be fired in a straight line and required time to be reloaded before being able to fire again, limiting the use to one or even two rockets per load. But, unlike a bullet or other projectiles such as shells shot from the railgun, rockets required more time to achieve terminal velocity.

In other words: A rocket would need a few seconds to travel the distance between the shooter and the target.

They were slow, and could be avoided.

With my shields back to 100%, I bolted around the front of the vehicle, rifle already aimed at one of the exposed hostiles.

"They die as well." I sent as I pulled the trigger.

End
file.